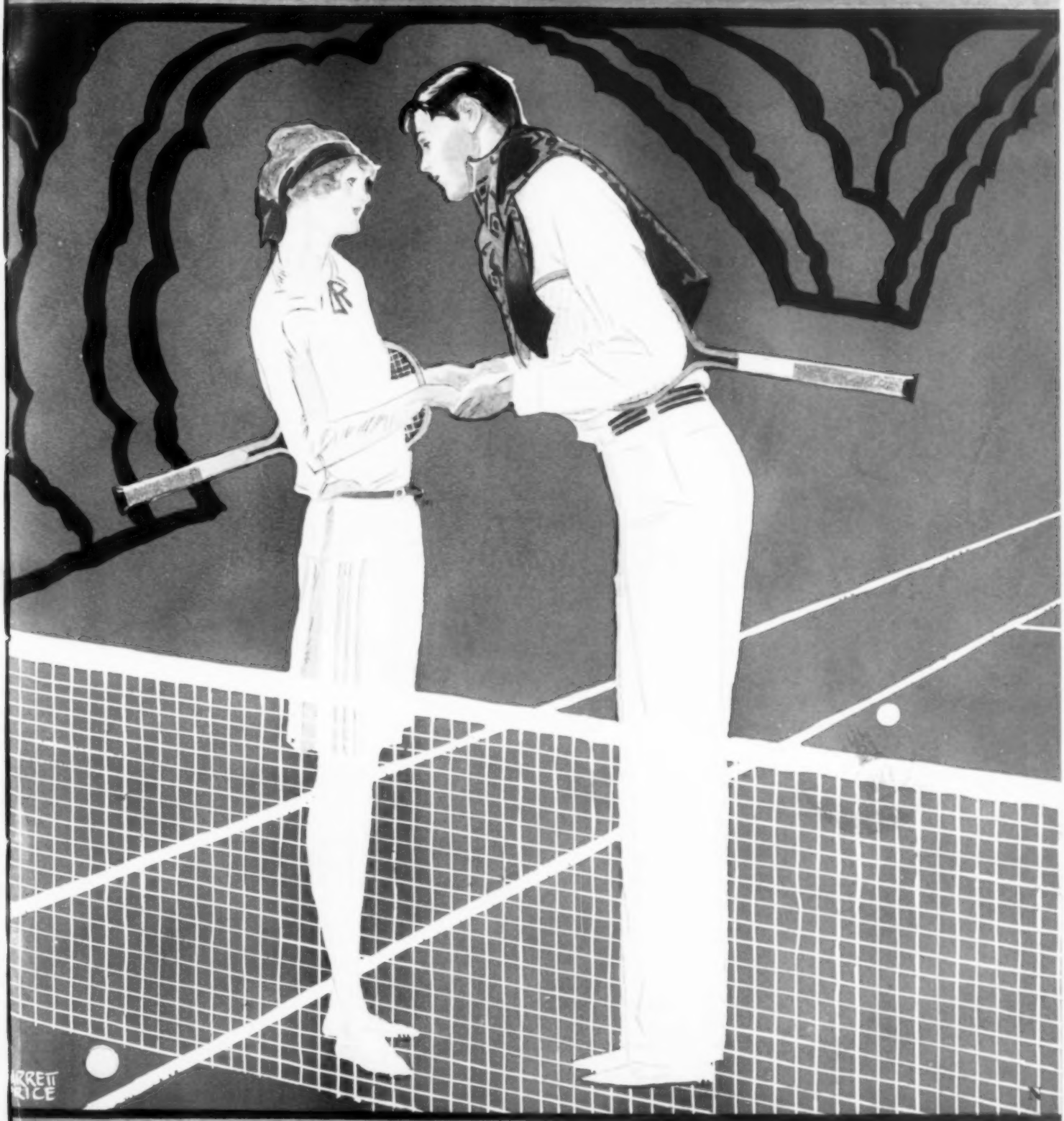
Life

JUL 19 '27

Week-End Number



July 21 1927

The Court of Appeals

Price 15 cents

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Original Americans! We have pioneered in new pen ideas

We are proud of our leadership in the fountain-pen industry. We cherish mightily the remarkable success that has been ours. For these things mean that we have been of *real* human service. Our pioneership in making a truly beautiful pen, practically indestructible, *and always an infallible performer*, was matched only when we originated the tapering fountain-pen for desk use—probably the most helpful pen improvement ever made. The Lifetime° pen, guaranteed for a lifetime, *costs more* because it is *worth more.* It is in service more days and in the repair shop less than any other pen.

"Lifetime" pen, green or black, $8.75, Ladies', $7.50—pencil, $4.25. Others lower

At better stores everywhere

Blue Label Leads 15 cents

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA, U. S. A.
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W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd. · Toronto, Ont.—60-62 Front St., W.
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°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DONALD CENTON

The Effect of Five Years of "Abie's Irish Rose" on a Typical American Family

FATHER: Oi, oi, oi, vere is mine daughter?

DAUGHTER: Faith, and here I am, my faither. I'm after coming in from outside.

FATHER: Vell, vere have you been?

DAUGHTER: Glory be, I've been out.

MOTHER: Sure now, we're after wondering where you've been kaping yerself all the time.

DAUGHTER: Faith, I've been out with my feller.

FATHER: For vy should you go mit him?

DAUGHTER: Father, I love him.

FATHER: Vell, vill dere be a vedding?

DAUGHTER: You should esk!

FATHER: Und vill you be raising ein vamily for vunce?

DAUGHTER: Faith, I'll have twins.

FATHER: Oi, oi!

DAUGHTER: Und vy not?

FATHER: By St. Patrick, you're that Irish.

MOTHER: Oi, oi, such a foolishness. The hem is cold for supper vunce. You should be after ating it already.

FATHER: Are you spaking fer yerself that you make blarney?

MOTHER: Vell, it dun't cost nuttings.

THE COOK: Come, come. We are all going to Heaven by different routes. Let us not quarrel over creeds.

FATHER: Oi, oi. Vot a relief!

DAUGHTER: Positivel!

W. W. Scott.

It Makes Me Mad—

MY wife uses ——'s Face Powder because Gloria Swanson recommends it.

She wears ——'s silk stockings because Corinne Griffith dons them.

She washes her hair with ——'s Shampoo since Clara Bow said there was none better.

She uses ——'s Pomade because Gilda Gray declares it is good.

She drives a —— Six since Betty Bronson drives one, too.

She bought me a —— Saxophone when she saw a picture of Thomas Meighan playing one of the same brand.

It makes me mad. My wife has no mind of her own. She'd use anything a movie star recommended.

By the way, I've found the best make of golf clubs. Hagen uses them exclusively.

G. P. T.

"Two punctures and a blowout in less than a thousand miles, and all on that left front, too! Funny that one tire seems to get all the trouble."
"No, because your other three tires are Kelly-Springfields."

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Among prominent persons and institutions served by the Davey Tree Experts are the following:

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE
COLGATE UNIVERSITY
MORRIS L. CLOTHIER
OHIO BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY
E. M. STATLER
BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY
GLEN ECHO COUNTRY CLUB
COL. ROBERT R. McCORMICK
PURDUE UNIVERSITY
HON. ANDREW W. MELLON
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
JOHN N. WILLYS

JOHN DAVEY
1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A $2,000,000.00 business in saving trees in 1926

Yet 70% of Davey clients paid less than $100 each

Davey Tree Experts served nearly 15,000 clients in 1926, from Boston to Kansas City and from Canada to the Gulf.

These clients included private home owners and country clubs; municipal, state and federal parks and institutions; schools and colleges; churches, cemeteries and philanthropic organizations; corporations and other business concerns.

Nearly 800 Davey Tree Experts are now serving 25% more clients than last year. The present year's business will amount to approximately $2,500,000.00.

There were 250 men in the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery last winter receiving scientific training, all carefully selected—the only school of its kind in the world.

Every Davey man is thoroughly trained in the Davey organization—no man is permitted to experiment on your priceless trees.

26 years ago John Davey was working alone in the practice of his new science prior to the publication of his first book, "The Tree Doctor." Since then the business has grown steadily year by year in annual volume, number of trained employes, and the number of clients served.

Not a man is retained in the Davey organization who is dishonest or lazy or careless. Irrespective of the investment in him, if a man is found to be the wrong kind he is quickly eliminated.

These Davey Tree Experts give you proven and reliable service at moderate cost — no carfare is charged and you pay only for working time plus material and delivery costs.

Write or wire nearest office for free inspection of your priceless trees. Davey Tree Experts live and work in your vicinity; they are quickly and easily available for large or small operations.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 737 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Ohio

Branch offices with telephones: New York, 501 Fifth Ave., Phone Murray Hill 1629; Albany, City Savings Bank Bldg.; Boston, 705 Statler Bldg.; Pittsfield, Mass., Stevenson Bldg.; Providence, R. I., 36 Exchange Pl.; Philadelphia, Land Title Bldg.; Baltimore, American Bldg.; Washington, Investment Bldg.; Pittsburgh, 331 Fourth Ave.; Buffalo, 110 Franklin St.; Cleveland, Hippodrome Bldg.; Detroit, General Motors Bldg.; Cincinnati, Mercantile Library Bldg.; Louisville, Todd Bldg.; Indianapolis, Fletcher Savings & Trust Bldg.; Chicago, Westminster Bldg.; St. Louis, Arcade Bldg.; Kansas City, Scarritt Bldg.; Minneapolis, Andrus Bldg.; Montreal, Insurance Exchange Bldg.; Toronto, 71 King St., West; Stamford, Conn., Gurley Bldg.; Hartford, Conn., 36 Pearl St.

DAVEY TREE EXPERTS

Every real Davey Tree Expert is in the employ of The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc., and the public is cautioned against those falsely representing themselves. An agreement made with the Davey Company and not with an individual is certain evidence of genuineness. Protect yourself from impostors. If anyone solicits the care of your trees who is not directly in our employ and claims to be a Davey man, write headquarters for his record. Save yourself from loss and your trees from harm

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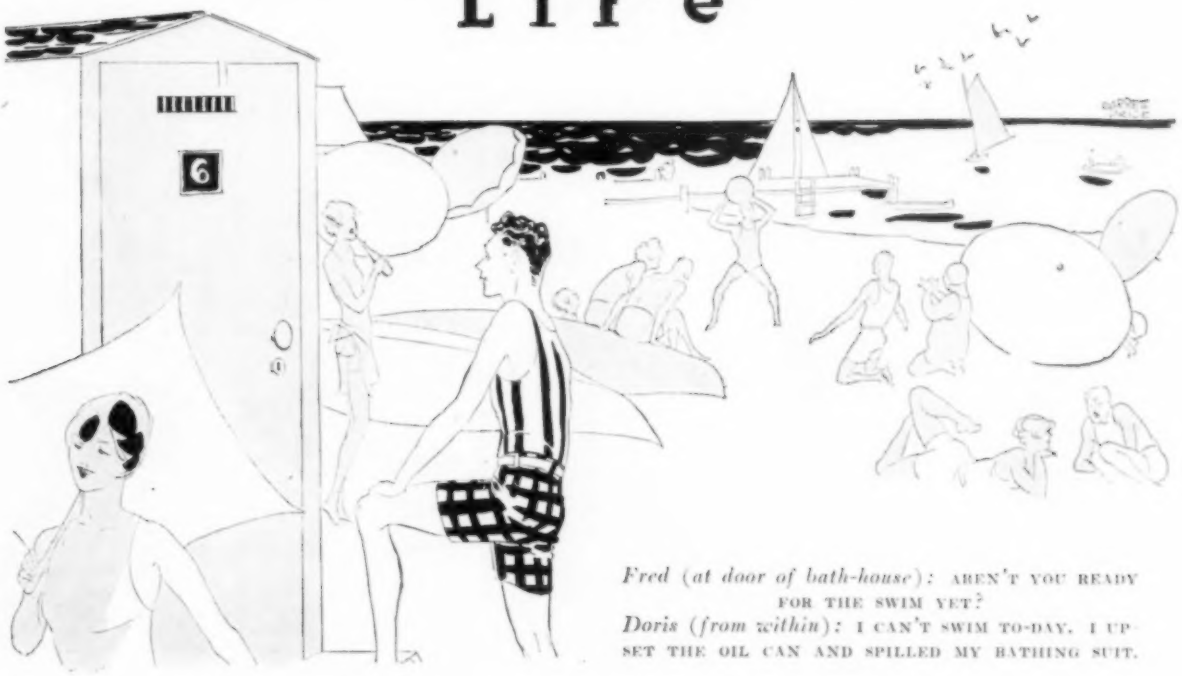
Life



Fred (at door of bath-house): AREN'T YOU READY FOR THE SWIM YET?
Doris (from within): I CAN'T SWIM TO-DAY. I UPSET THE OIL CAN AND SPILLED MY BATHING SUIT.

Random Excerpts from the Correspondence of Week-End Guests

PERFECTLY delightful time... enjoyed it so much...your charming home...the restful charm of a week-end on your delightful estate...did me so much good...a simply marvelous time...enjoyed every minute of it...your dear little ones...such charming children ...that delightful picnic at Willow Pond...made a new man of me...I was completely rejuvenated...your lovely villa...the tonic breath of the open spaces...had a delightful time ...a visit that will linger forever in my memory...your sweet kiddies...a simply adorable time...made a new woman of me...your divine place...the peace and repose of scented woodlands...your generous hospitality... my genuine regret at leaving ...the pleasure of your charming society...miss it all frightfully already...how deeply I appreciate all you did for me...a visit never to be forgotten...my love to Cuthbert and Juanita...should be proud and happy in the possession of such enchanting youngsters...revelled in your prodigal hospitality...can't wait to take advantage of your invitation to come again soon....

Lloyd Mayer.

To Whom It May Concern

AGATHA: Do departing cooks ask for a reference nowadays?

HARRIETT: No, they request letters of introduction.

Pamela: MOTHER, SHALL I GIVE AUNT MARGARET YOUR LOVE? I'M WRITING HER MY GIN-AND-ORANGE-JUICE LETTER FOR LAST WEEK-END.

Meditation on Boy Friends

MEN who write from out of town
Forward nobly phrased appeals,
Hint, suggest, and urge that you
Hold your Beautiful Ideals.

Men in town and close at hand,
With a rhetoric as bold,
Urge, implore, and beg that you
Kindly don't be so Damned Cold.

D. W.

House to House

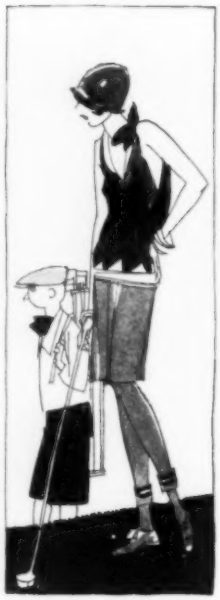
"WHAT," some one asks, "has become of the young man who used to work his way through college by soliciting magazine subscriptions?" That's easy. He's still working his way through college by soliciting magazine subscriptions.

GERALD: You've got a pretty mouth.

GERALDINE: Thanks, but you should have seen the one I had yesterday. I had *such* good luck with it!

SHE STARTS OFF FRIDAY AFTERNOON FOR A HOUSE PARTY, CARRYING NO LUGGAGE OTHER THAN A WEEK-END BAG—

FROM WHICH SHE EXTRACTS THIS—



AND THIS—

AND THIS—

AND THIS—

The Week-End Bag—

George Washington (to week-end hostess): HOW MANY DIFFERENT BEDS AM I EXPECTED TO SLEEP IN OVER THE WEEK-END, MADAM?

So Do-Do-Do, Etc.

MRS. SWANK (*sinking into a chair in her Park Avenue apartment*): Really, I was never so fatigued...

"Why the wail, Mothah?"

"I'm positively dead. I spent the morning doing the smart shops. I did Merci's and Ciquette's and Helene's and a new shop near Garçon's."

"Anything worth noticing?"

"Nothing remarkable. I did a Dernier model in ash of rose chiffon and crêpe roma, but it failed utterly to interest me."

"What then, old dear?"

"I did Anselm's for lunch and met Claira Brhowne. She insisted that I do a matinee with her, so we did the new thing that Mervyl Mannering is playing in at the Frontenac."

"Amusing?"

"In a way. Afterwards, I did Harry's office to see if he had decided on plans for the Adirondack lodge. He had drawn a sketch or two, so I did those."

"Were they grotesque?"

"Of course, but not so much so as I had expected. While I was coming home, an officer became insulting at one of the intersections. When Hodkins refused to notice the fellow, he became so obnoxious that Hodkins was forced to tell him that some one should do Headquarters and report the matter. The creature then had the colossal impudence to say that it was lucky he didn't have both of us do the Tombs."

"Are you dining at home to-night?"

"No, I suppose Harry and I will have to do those impossible Upleighs' dinner to-night. I would much rather do bed."

E. B. Crosswhite.

Sufficient

"LET'S stop here and get a sandwich."

"Why? There's a chicken dinner place just up the road."

"That's why."

AND THIS—

AND THIS—

AND THIS—

AND THESE—

AND IT ALL GOES BACK INTO THE WEEK-END BAG ON MONDAY MORNING.

—Or, How Does She Do It?

The Cautious Reporter Writes His Wife

"DEAR" JEAN:

Since your reported departure from home for a month in the so-called "White" Mountains, I have been, according to a well-defined rumor, supposedly lonely. I have it on good authority that the house seems hardly the same, and a certain vague emptiness has been noted by the writer.

It is with feelings of regret that your husband's Official Spokesman announces the disappearance of the household cat, who gave her name as Judy. The police version is that Judy, who has always been known as a home-loving feline and had no boy friends, stepped out upon the street one evening as if on an errand and has not been seen since. Investigation is being made and important disclosures are expected within twenty-four hours.

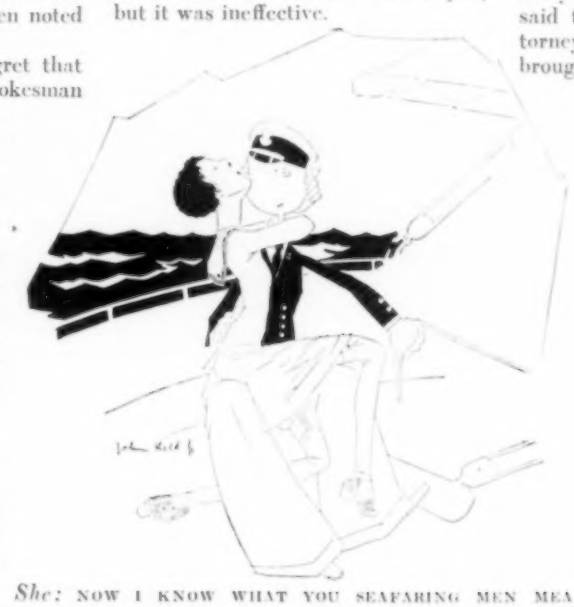
Another important dispatch from the local bureau is to the effect that the bowl which is popularly believed to have contained goldfish has been snattered, apparently by some blunt instrument, and that the specimens which formerly gave that as their address spent the night on the floor. Their condition is given as being critical and small hope is held out for their recovery. First aid was administered by persons close to the scene of the catastrophe, but it was ineffective.

Persons registering here last night for a game of cards, described by the authorities as "poker," are known in the vicinity under the pseudonyms of C. D. Russell, Park Whitney, James "S." Collins and Prentice Walsh, though one body has not yet been identified. The host is said to have lost $1.40 and his attorneys declare that suit will be brought to recover the amount.

Summarizing the situation, deponent asserts that his feelings toward party of the second part have always been and still are of the friendliest nature.

Allegedly yours,

Tip Bliss.



She: NOW I KNOW WHAT YOU SEAFARING MEN MEAN WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT "LUFFING."

Down to Breakfast

THE HOSTESS: Good morning, Mr. Kelsey. How did you sleep?

THE GUEST: That's what I want to know.

THE modern old-fashioned girl is the one who stays home with her mother and father—and helps run the still.

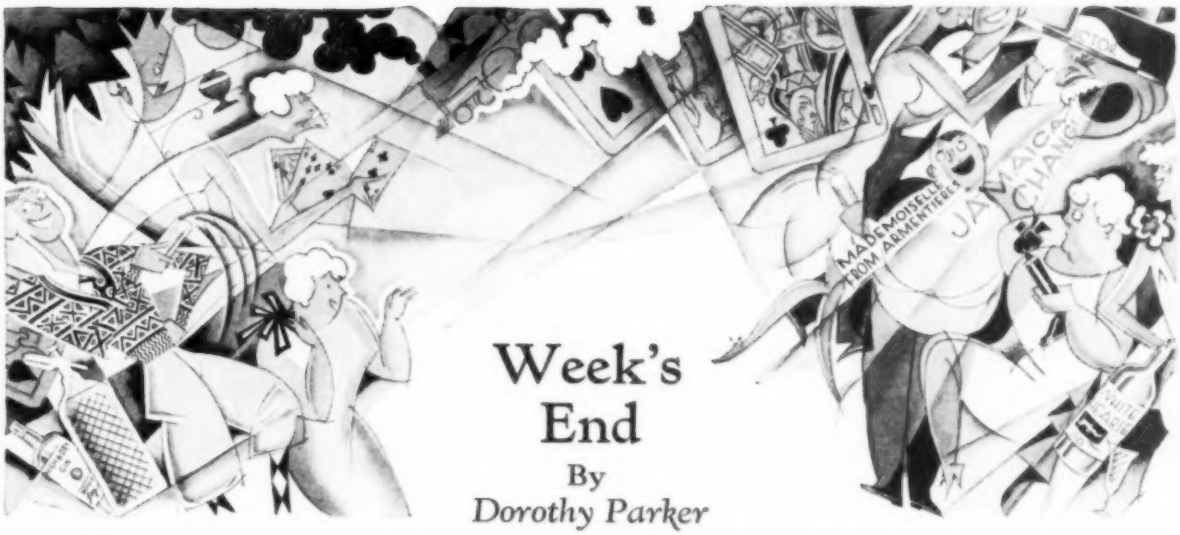
A FENCE provokes your modern maiden's smile;
She lightly vaults and lights and lightly bounces.
'Twas not so light to flounce across a stile
When style demanded crinolines and flounces.

To manage ruffles, hoops and farthingales
With due propriety was far from easy
When there were steps to climb and shaky rails
And when the atmosphere was slightly breezy.

A modest leap was hard to execute;
For though a hoopskirt full and wide-expanding
Might serve as something like a parachute,
It did not guarantee a perfect landing.

Arthur Guiterman.

Styles and Stiles



Week's End

By *Dorothy Parker*

I KNEW I shouldn't have come. I knew it would be terrible. Only I didn't think it would be as bad as this. This isn't just plain terrible; this is fancy. I should have sent a wire, yesterday. "Heart-broken not to be with you for week-end, but have just been stricken with cholera." Cholera horse-thief, if you will, but she's my mother. That isn't any good. It's good enough for this party, though. Too good for them. I wish I'd stayed at home.

I can't say no, that's the big trouble with me. Oh, Mrs. Parker, won't you come out on the seventeenth, for over the week-end? Oh, I'd simply love to; it's so lovely of you to want me. I never said no in my life. I couldn't say no to a goose. No, that's not right. It's boo that people aren't able to say to a goose. Well, I suppose they are just as well off without it. Just because you can say boo to a goose, that doesn't entitle you to the mantle of Whistler. *Au contraire.* Look at me—versed in French, and expensively educated, and practically in the first flush of womanhood, and here I am, stuck down here on this filthy house-party, just because I can't say no.

Amusing people, she said she was going to have here. If those were amusing people I saw on the porch, I am the three Sitwells. I thought I'd come to the wrong place; I thought the driver had let me out at a home for backward children. Dotty's Week-end in Moronia: or, Fun Among Life's Misfits. This is going to be great, from now until Monday morning. I wonder if I couldn't go home Sunday. I wonder if I couldn't call up somebody and get them to send me a telegram: "Come at once will explain later." I don't suppose I'll be able to get a crack at the telephone without everybody listening. I suppose I'm trapped until Monday. That will be a pretty trip in, Monday morning. Oh, doesn't the country look charming, before the sun is up! That change at Jamaica is going to be nice in the early morning. No matter where I go, I always have to change at Jamaica. They'd throw out the whole time-table, rather than let me get a through train. I bet if I were on a non-stop transatlantic flight, we'd change at Jamaica. That's all I have to look forward to, changing at Jamaica. That's my future, right there.

WHAT a guest-room this is! I always get a room like this. They needn't think it's any surprise to me. Where shall we put Mrs. Parker? Oh, let her have the Iron Maiden. She won't care. She'll be so glad to get out of the hot city. I bet I could have blindfolded my eyes, and named the pictures on the walls of this room before I'd crossed the threshold. "Lorna Doone" and "The Girl with the Fan" and "Sir Galahad." There they are. I wonder how they came to overlook Watts' "Hope." Maybe it's away having its frame fixed. Good thing for it, if it is. I'm just in form to bust its glass for it. Maybe I could take a couple of socks at "Lorna Doone" while I'm here. I'll be here until Monday morning. That's fifty-six hours. Oh, my God.

WHAT shall I wear for dinner? I'd better not break out the violet dress. That young man in the hieroglyphic sweater has me all picked out, right now, to spill highballs on. I could tell the look in his eyes the minute I came in. I never knew anything like it. No matter where I go, all over God's green footstool, there's always some clean-limbed laddie waiting to upset highballs on me. That's my sex life. Oh, please don't bother about it—it's nothing but an old dress, anyway; you can't do it a bit of harm. I'd better start rehearsing that now. That hieroglyphic boy looked to me as if he'd be at the spilling stage in anywhere from fifteen to twenty minutes. Yes, and I know the whisky they have in this house, too. White Hearse Scotch. If he spills one of those highballs on me, I'll be scarred for life. Oh, please don't trouble—you couldn't hurt this old dress if you tried. You big stiff!

Dinner is going to be pretty. I know all about it, right now. On my right, there'll be one of those outdoor boys, that will tell me all about dry-fly fishing. Oh, it must be simply fascinating; I wish you'd just take me along and let me watch you. Wouldn't you, some time? I'd be just as quiet as a little mouse. I know how to talk to those salmon-trout boys. There's an autobiography!

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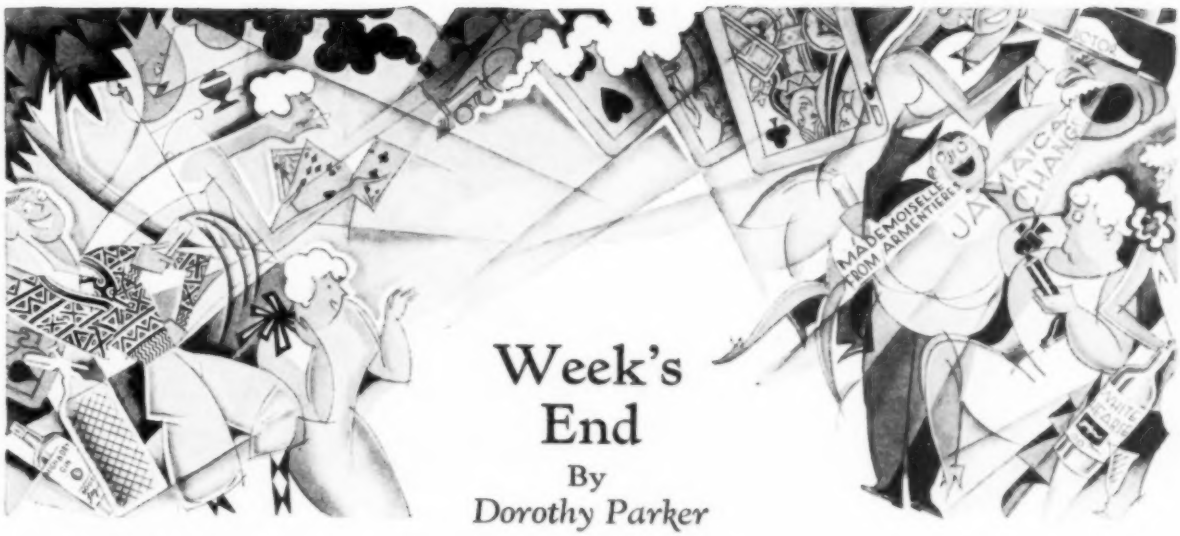

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And on my left, I'll have some-

Aviator Husband: GOOD-BY, DEAR, I'M GOING TO SPEND THE WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY.
Wife: WHAT COUNTRY?

body's husband who has been drowning it in Scotch all afternoon. He'll hum softly all through dinner, and along about dessert he'll want me to do an alto to "Mademoiselle from Armentières." Oh, but I don't sing a bit, truly I don't. You sing. I love your voice. Goodness, I don't see how on earth you can ever remember all the words. Yeah, and I could prompt him. Oh, I'm going to have a corking time.

And across the table, there'll be that big, sterling woman that was telephoning home to see how her children were, when I came in. She'll tell all about all the blood that Junior lost when they took his tonsils out, and then she'll do anecdotes about Junior and Sister and the new kittens. I don't see how I'm going to stand it. And she'll clean up everything on the table, and say she just couldn't diet—Daddy likes her the way she is. Maybe I could get the conversation around to weight. "Ninety-nine pounds, stripped," I could say to her. "What do you?" I won't, though. I'll just look at her wistfully, and say, "Oh, I wish I were tall." The great cow!

AND the hostess is going to get arch, and say, "You know, we have quite a celebrity with us to-night. Mrs. Parker is an authoress, I hope you realize," and everybody is going to coo, and say, "Well, well, well," and look at me encouragingly. And somebody will say, "Well, for goodness sake! And what do you write, Mrs. Parker? Goodness, I'm so ashamed, I never seem to get a chance to read a book. I'm always meaning to." And the hostess will say, "Oh, you'll see. Maybe she'll recite some of her little things for us, after dinner." Yeah. Maybe she will. And maybe there was no war.

Souvenir

His New Fiancée: HOW CAN I MAKE SURE YOU WON'T FORGET ABOUT OUR ENGAGEMENT WHEN YOU GET BACK TO THE CITY?
He: WELL, DEAR, YOU MIGHT—ER—LET ME TAKE ALONG THE RING AS A CONSTANT REMINDER.

AND after dinner, it's going to be neat. Why, Mrs. Parker, don't you play bridge? You mean you really and truly don't? Why, for Heaven's sake! Oh, is that so? Well, I played bridge when you were figuring out Five Hundred, but I don't play with any members of the Upper Montclair Thursday Morning Bridge and Drama Club, and what do you think of that? Oh, don't you worry about Mrs. Parker. Buddy and Fred will take care of her—won't you, boys? Buddy and Fred will be great. Buddy will go right into his highball-spilling, and Fred will want a lot of help with introducing patrole effects into "If You Want to Find the Sergeant Majors, I Know Where They Are." I wonder if there's any way I could duck about twenty minutes after dinner. I could say I promised the doctor to go to bed early. I could say I promised Calvin Coolidge. God, I'd say I promised Fatty Arbuckle!

And then there will be to-morrow. And to-morrow night. And Sunday. And Sunday night. Fifty-six hours! I wonder how I'll look with white hair.

Botanology

I PLUCKED a small two-petal flower beside the way,
As I was strolling, thinking, one bright day.
Two-petal flowers are not for me—
I'm speaking mathematically
(Besides, the day was very hot):

She loves me! She loves me not!

I found a small four-petal flower in the grass.
With anxious hand I plucked it—but alas!
Four-petal flowers are not for me.
They end up—mathematically
(At least, when days are very hot):

She loves me! She loves me not!
She loves me! She loves me not!

And then a nice five-petal flower caught my eye.
I plucked it quickly, as I breathed a sigh.
Five-petal flowers are just my kind,
For mathematically I find
(At least, when winds blow coolingly):

She loves me! She loves me not!
She loves me! She loves me not!
SHE LOVES ME!

John Irving Marshall.

For the Summer Tourist

NOTHING changes like fashions, and styles are ephemeral things at best, so all one can do is hope that a fickle Ford-and-otherwise-touring public, which last summer *en masse* adopted the eye-shade of our tennis-playing "Little Poker Face," will this year be tempted to discard it altogether and let its bobbed and barbered locks rumple in the breeze in true Lindy-like fashion.

While it may not be altogether an artistic triumph, it's bound to be an improvement that will make the Mohawk Trail and the Lincoln Highway less fearsome places this August.

Butler (behind his hand, to guest): PSSST! I WOULDN'T DRINK THAT SCOTCH, SIR. IF YOU WANT SOME OF THE *real* STUFF, I CAN LET YOU HAVE IT FOR TEN DOLLARS A QUART.

Given to the World

HAVING solved the baffling problem of giving my wife the pleasure of driving when we are on the road together and at the same time saving my nerves, I feel an obligation to disclose the solution to my fellow men. After several years of pretending that I am not uneasy when she is at the wheel I finally confessed the truth—to myself, not to her—and devoted months to a search for a remedy.

Of course, I could do all the driving when she is along. I do not believe she would overpower me and seize control. But when she asks me in a certain tone if I am tired and would like her to relieve me, I know it will be only a matter of miles till she wins. And she will drive forty or fifty miles doing everything contrary to the way I do it, every once in a while smiling and telling me to just relax and rest.

Realizing how many men are in the same predicament, their hands on the car door ready to spring out, I desire to let them know how I met this crisis.

I bought a second car.

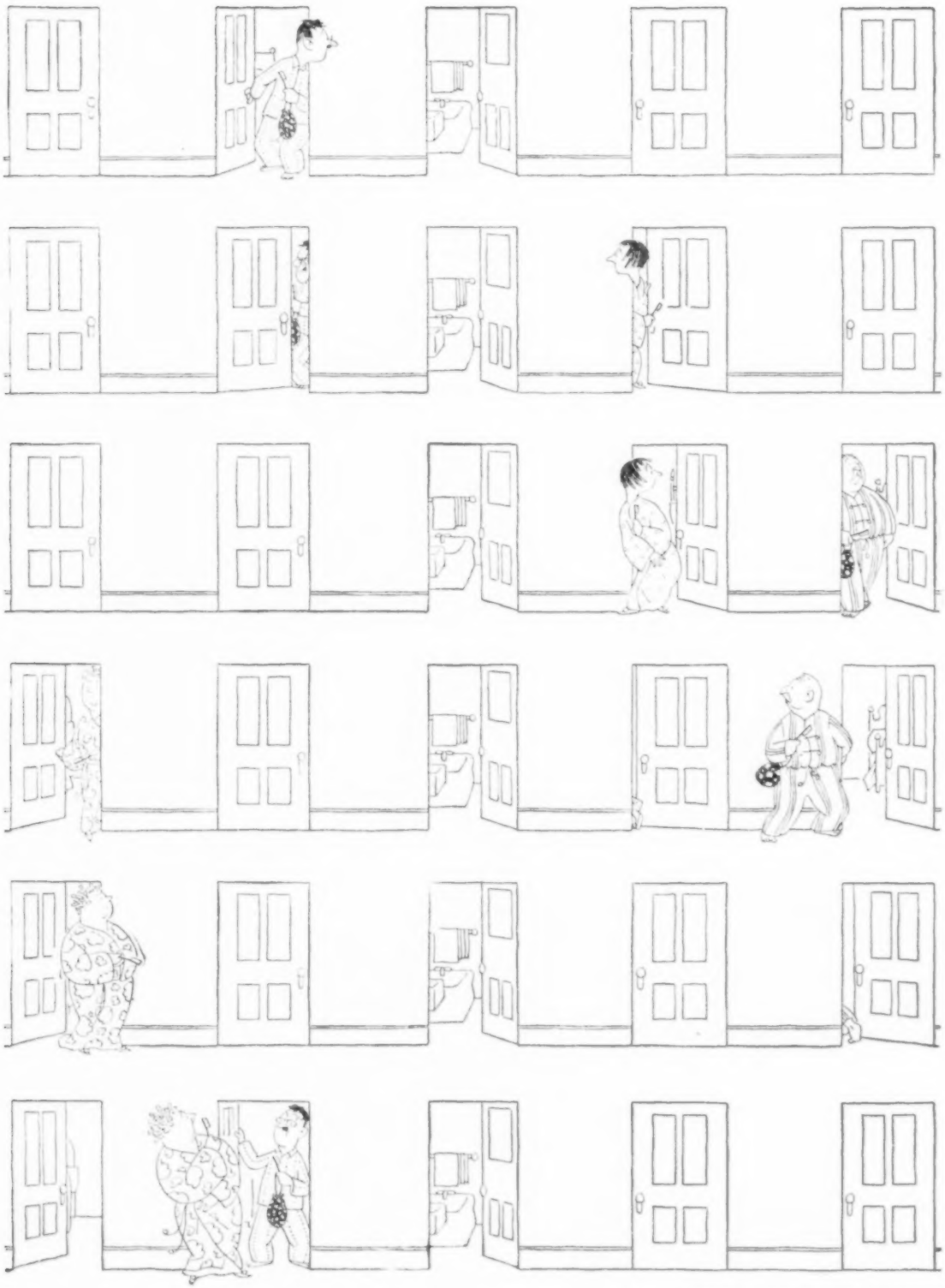
McCready Huston.

THE Filipinos are "the happiest people in the world," according to General Wood, the only trouble being that they are too unintelligent to have found it out.

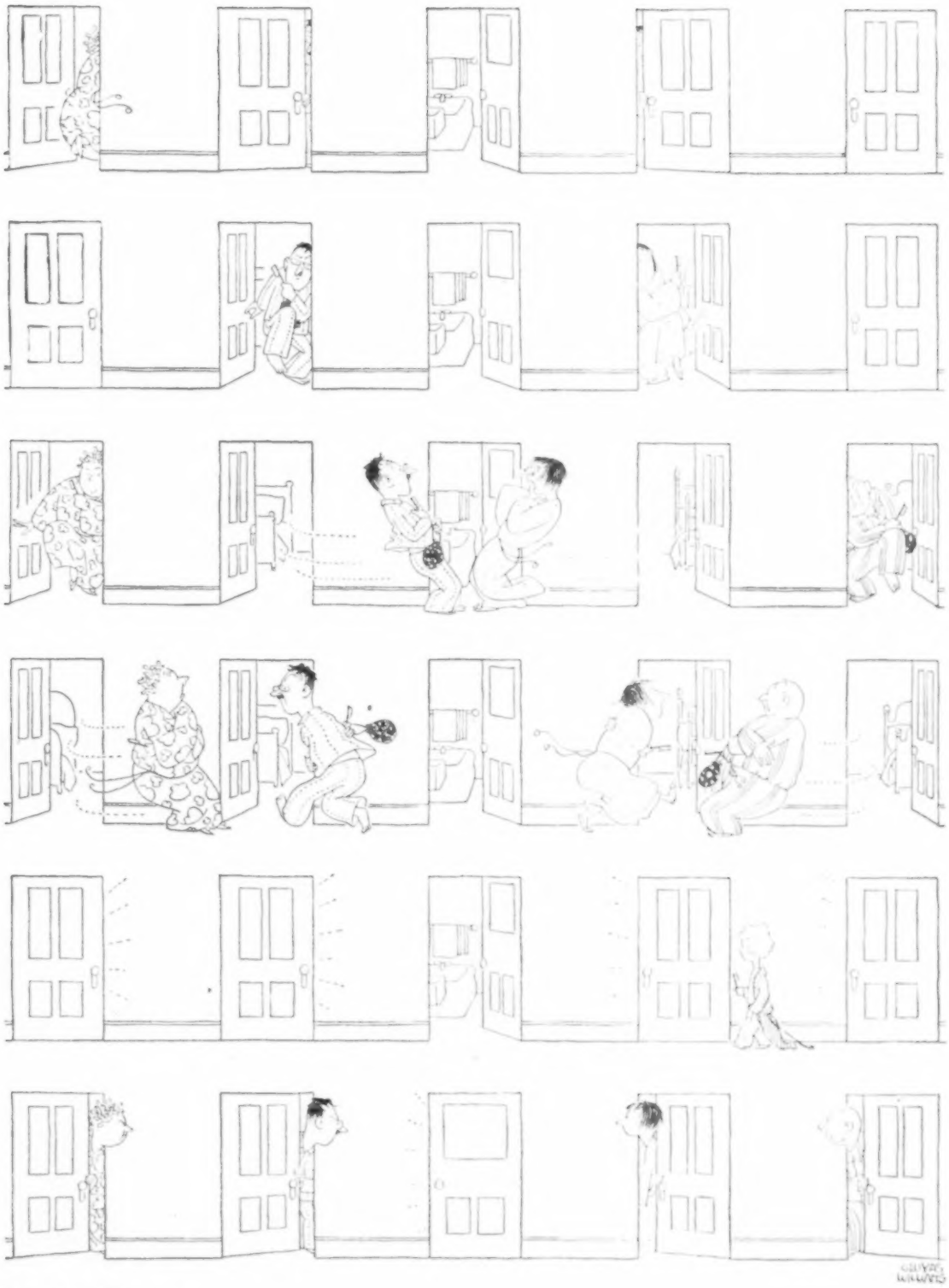
You Dreadful Man!

Brakeman: YOU CAN'T RIDE! GET OFF AND WALK!

Tramp: OH, BUT OSCAR, I AM WILLING TO GIVE YOU A SWEET KISS!



The Week-End



Bath Room

STEREOSCOPIC GEMS

FOR THE EDIFICATION AND AMUSEMENT OF YOUNG AND OLD

"HONEYMOONLIGHT AT NIAGARA FALLS"

The Quiet Sunday at Home

THE little party upstairs which ends in a general brawl at four A.M....The genial neighbors who warm up their car, change a tire and tune up the ukulele before starting on a picnic at six A.M....The telephone call and the sweet voice so sorry that it has the wrong number and that you're not the Woodlawn Cemetery, at seven A.M....The cherub who lives next door but practices roller skating under your bedroom window...."Nearer, My God, to Thee" on the cornet with xylophone accompaniment rendered by the radio across the street....A loud-speaking version of "Love Thy Neighbor" broadcast from the Seventh Croatian Methodist Church.... The man upstairs repairing his garage door with a sledgehammer.... The person determined to learn "What Does It Matter?" as a piano solo with one finger....The roller-skating cherub and several of his little playmates who amuse themselves by tossing the garbage cans at one another....The full choral assembly of radios....The fire department which rides with screaming sirens up and down the street, apparently searching for a fire....The bedlam caused when several of the children get hit with garbage cans. ...The youth curious to find out how much noise a Ford without a muffler can make....The full choral assembly of radios augmented by a player-piano and a ukulele sextette. ...The solemn oath that you're going to give up your job, sublet your apartment and become a polar explorer! *Robert Lord.*

He: MAY I HOLD YOUR HAND?
She: IF YOU WERE STARTING A UNITED STATES-HAWAII FLIGHT, WOULD YOU TAKE OFF FROM DENVER?

She Was Never at a Loss for a Word

HE: Well, he took the first set, 7—5.

SHE: Well, I *never!*

HE: And then I beat him six-love the second set.

SHE: You *didn't!*

HE: And he beat me 9—7 the third set.

SHE: Honestly, I can't *bear* it!

HE: And then I took the fourth set at 10—8.

SHE: Actually, my dear, you slay me!

HE: And I had him 14—13 in the fifth set when my leg went bad on me.

SHE: Oh, honestly, I can't bear it!

HE: So he took that set at 16—14.

SHE: Heavens, how excruciating!

HE: But I could have beaten him easily if it hadn't been for my leg going bad on me.

SHE: What were you playing, anyways—golf? *L. M.*

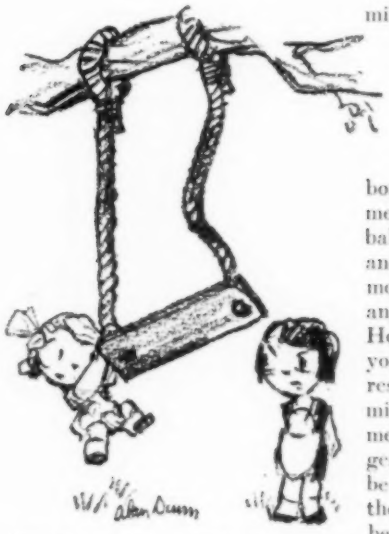
Vintage Crop

HE: I thought you said you were going to turn over a new leaf.

SHE: I have, my dear—I've changed my brand of cigarettes.

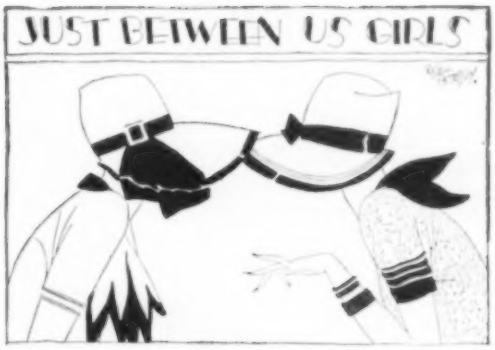
The Specialist

DIETETIC SPECIALIST: Yes, my dear lady, the most important thing to consider is strict attention to the various vitamines. By referring to this booklet you will find the various foods which build and nourish the brain, blood and bones. Never eat a meal that is not well balanced. Eat slowly and masticate every mouthful. Don't let anything hurry you. Health must be first, you know. Always rest for about thirty minutes after every meal so that the digestive organs may be uninterrupted in their functions, and be sure never to worry about anything....Good heavens, it's 12:15 already and I have another appointment at 12:30! Just got time to rush out and grab a sandwich.



"YEAH—THAT'S RIGHT, STUPID—PULL ON IT TILL YOU BREAK IT!"

THERE, little luxury, don't you cry—you'll be a necessity by and by.



"PEAnut BUTter! How perfectly reVOLTing! It's the most FATtening thing in the WORLD, my dear! Who on EARTH suggested putting THAT in the san'wiches?...WHAT? No COCKtails? HONestly, my dear, I can't surVIVE a minute longer—I mean I'm ABsolutely on the VERGE of colLAPSE at this point, no less. Who in HEAVen's name is the HUGE female with Willie PINtle? Did you ever in your LIFE see such an odd SHAPE? I mean it SIMply slays me because she ACtually looks like NOTHing HUman, do you know what I mean?...POSitively, my dear, I shall go MAD if something doesn't HAPpen. Every YEAR I VOW I'll never be seDUCED into coming on another of these VILE picnics of the McTAVishes and YEAR after YEAR I am ALways disCOVered sitting HEAVily in a lobster SALad or the PUNCH bowl or something....My GARden TOOLS, it's HOT! I mean have you HONestly ever felt such HEAT in all your born DAYS?...I always look SIMply POIsonous at these merry outDOOR affairs where you are s'posed to get FRANtically athaLETic after eating a lot of simply BILious FOOD that always makes me ILL for a week AFter. ...Will you PLEASE look at what they are about to do NOW, my dear? Oh, HONestly, I simply can't STAND it!.... Why, of COURSE, Mrs. McTavish—I'd be simply THRILLED to enter the potato race! What a perfectly SLICK iDEA! I mean I simply aDORE these sort of athaLETic games and all — I mean I ACtually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

The Week-End Guest Speaks His Mind

"NO, I DON'T GIVE A HOOT ABOUT YOUR GARDEN AND I DON'T WANT TO PLAY GOLF WITH THE BUNCH OF FATHEADS YOU'VE INVITED OUT HERE, AND AS FOR THE LIQUOR WE HAD LAST NIGHT, I'LL BET YOU MADE IT YOURSELF; ALSO, I NEVER SAW A HOMELIER CROWD OF WOMEN IN ALL MY LIFE—OUTSIDE OF THAT, I'M HAVING A LOVELY TIME."

Not So Bad

PUBLISHER (*to author*): You'll have to rewrite this novel, Mr. Scribbler, if you want it to sell. The Boston police have positively refused to suppress it.

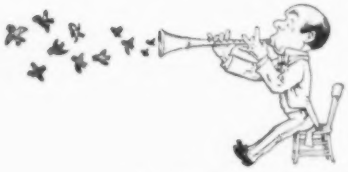
PASSENGER (*on huge ocean liner which is about to sail, to Captain*): Well, Cap, what time do we hop?

JULY 21, 1927 VOL. 90. 2333

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*
R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor* CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*
F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor* LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*



THIS is one of the worst summers ever known for presidential candidates to get even a reasonable share of advertisement. Consider Mr. Coolidge, what an uphill time he is having. His publicity men have been faithful enough, probably too faithful. Consider the pictures in the paper—the fish he has caught; Mrs. Coolidge and the dog; Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, the fish and the dog; the presidential family going to church; the young preacher; the President and General Wood, both in ten-gallon hats! Well, one cannot say that it has all been in vain. One can remember all of these items without looking them up. Something has been done, possibly something accomplished, but since before the President started for the Bad Lands, the birdmen have had first call on front-page space. As soon as one gets across to where he is going, announcements begin of the next starter. To everything there is eventually an end and there will, no doubt, be an end to the impassioned concern about the birdmen. Possibly it has been reached already, though the newspapers have not found it out, but while it lasts it makes it hard, as said, for candidates to get due notice. Maybe it is as well it came this year instead of next, when it might have put a blight on the campaign and possibly made the voters still more oblivious of the polls than they are already.

Next year! What will happen next year? Lindbergh demonstrated to us the wide gulf there is between occurrence and expectation. We may have further disclosures of the same sort in 1928, for the liabilities of the year ahead are altogether out of the ordinary and beyond it.

The flying men are getting all the whoops. Mr. Coolidge is not getting any to speak of. But neither are the other candidates. If attention is to be distracted from candidates altogether, Mr. Coolidge is ahead on it. He will thrive on neglect. One of his strong points with the voters is that they don't have to think of him. They much prefer not to think about government. It is too hard a subject.

AFTER all, advertisement of Mr. Coolidge is really superfluous. The less he is known the better he does. His most admired quality in the past has been his reticence. So much the better that his publicity squad turned their cameras on General Wood, who has been out of sight in the East for several years and of whom we should all be glad to be reminded.

General Wood's greatest success has been as a colonial administrator. He has always done well at it. One does not have to draw heavily on faith to believe that he has done well in the Philippines and that it needed doing. The officers' training camps began to fill up about the time Mr. Coolidge and General Wood appeared in the ten-gallon hats. General Wood invented those camps as a means of getting a little preliminary war preparation when Mr. Wilson's administration seemed sluggish about doing it. It is remarkable how they have survived the war. General Bullard thinks we are going to sleep about war preparations and has been saying so in the *Herald Tribune*. No doubt he has good professional grounds for that opinion; nevertheless, a good deal is going on that ought to cheer him up. The gentlemen who are wrangling for us in behalf of our Navy seem to feel that we may have work for it again some day, and the exploits of Lindbergh and the flying men in the last six weeks have put an activity into aviation which is of first-rate importance as a preparation for war.

MR. BORAH has anxieties about the future. He disclosed in Denver about a month ago at the Advertisers' Convention that Europe was displaying again the war signs of 1914, that the known oil fields of the United States hold enough oils to supply this country for six years and probably no longer, and that the losses by the Mississippi River floods will reach $400,000,000. So he thinks it will be well for us to subject Europe to a little timely neglect, and concentrate for the moment on our own concerns. There is honest work, he says, for every dollar in the United States. He always feels so about our dollars—that we ought to work them at home. He never has been an enthusiast about spending them across the water.

THE number of qualified voters who avoid the polls nowadays is causing some concern to some observers. But why should it? If voters fail, our managers and rulers will promptly find some other method of political expression. Any one who thinks that voters are indispensable to democracy is invited to read Elmer Davis's piece on William Hale Thompson in the July *Harper's*.

E. S. Martin.

The Poor Little Rich Boy

Waiting for the 6:28 on

:28 on Friday Afternoon

Bored by the Week

The Final Fastidiousness

SHE was beautiful. Custom-made in every detail, from the top of the little black cloche to the soles of the tiny green snakeskin pumps. Furtively I admired, as she sat across from me in the bus.

That frock — its lines could be none other than Poiret. The cloche, chic as the label which I knew it bore — "Duphlickee, Paris." The quiet expensiveness of the blouse murmured one name: "Challot."

Even in the exquisite beaded bag, matching the costume, I recognized a gem especially created for this fastidious creature by the master bagmen of old Vienna. As I watched, she opened it, withdrew a little packet in scarlet and gold paper. What was it? Something made for her exact and exclusive taste; that I could see. Daintily, she slit the paper wrapper—which fluttered to the floor—extracted the contents, and rose to alight at her stop.

Trembling, I hastily snatched up the scarlet and gold paper. On one side was a gorgeous monogram. On the other, in neat gold letters:

"MADE TO ORDER BY WM. WRIGLEY, JR., NEW YORK—CHICAGO."

Stanley Jones.

Cornered

ALICE: I told Dick the truth.

VIRGINIA: Then what's worrying you?

"Now I gotta lie out of it!"

Love Lyric

AH, Love, who thrice have passed me by,
I hear your footsteps patter
Far down the corridors of years;
I hear them, but I shed no tears,
And, dry-eyed, I inquire why
It doesn't seem to matter.

My heart should lie in pieces three,
A horrible disjunction;
Yet if, indeed, this were the case,
From study of the human race
And cardiac anatomy,
I doubt if it would function.

I feel its beats and doctors say
It rarely stops, if ever;
I climb upstairs and smoke and do
The things I was accustomed to
Before Love even passed my way
This organ to dissever.

I'm sure I could not feel so well
Or be, in fact, so agile,
If what the lyric poets knew
Of physiology were true—
If, under Love's destructive spell,
Hearts were so very fragile.

And though, my dears, I've suffered thus
Three darts from cupid's quiver,
I never feel the urge to go
Without my food, lie sleepless, throw
Myself beneath a passing bus
Or leap into the river.

And this, in spite of all the song
Of bards, and tales related
Of blighted love when hope was young
And shattered hearts and lives unstrung...
They're not, perhaps, exactly wrong—
But much exaggerated.

Roger Burlingame.

Soft-Hearted

IT has remained for Prohibition officials at Yazoo City, Miss., to supply the first adequate farm-relief measures. They found a still running on a farm and padlocked the farm, thereby permitting the farmer to devote his entire attention to his filling station and hot-dog business.

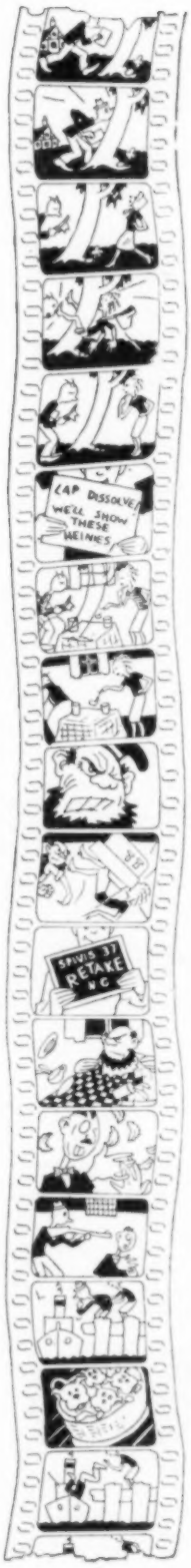
"IS Friday your unlucky day?"

"One of them."

"Island Irish"

Being a Comedy "Treatment" of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" in the Best Manner of the Gag-Men and Title Writers

By Robert Benchley



1. SUBTITLE: YOUNG "ROB" CRUSOE WHO WAS SO WARM-HEARTED HE HAD HEARTBURN.

SCENE 1.

MAIN STREET OF DOVER, ENGLAND. BACKGROUND OF TREES AND OLD-FASHIONED EDIBLES. (*FADE IN.*)

Rob Crusoe, swinging down the street, so intent on reading a book that he walks into a tree, to which he apologizes and continues reading and walking. COPY OF "THREE MEN IN A BOAT." (*CLOSE UP.*)

2. SUBTITLE: MARY MALONE, THE VILLAGE BELLE, WHO WAS SO IRISH THE OTHER GIRLS TURNED GREEN WITH ENVY.

Mary, walking in the other direction, sees Rob and looks at him with evident scorn. She, too, walks into the tree and apologizes. This brings Rob and Mary together, apologizing to each other.

3. SPOKEN TITLE: "I'M SORRY; I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TREE, YOU WERE SO GREEN!"

Mary smiles and looks the other way. Rob smiles and looks the other way, too. Therefore, neither of them sees the other and they both pass by, Rob walking into a pond and Mary walking into a store where she buys three yards of gingham, thinking it is Rob. (*FADE OUT.*)

SCENE 2.

LIVING-ROOM, MARY'S HOME. BACKGROUND OF FAUCETS AND OLD THINGS. (*FADE IN.*)

4. SUBTITLE: MARY'S HOME LIFE WAS JUST ABOUT AS PEACEFUL AS A LEFT-HANDED DRIVER'S CHARIOT-RACE DOWN A RIGHT-HANDED DRIVEWAY. (*FADE IN.*)

Mary is setting the table for supper. She has on a topcoat with the buttons set the wrong way, suggesting poverty. She lets the butter-pads slide into the water glasses, suggesting just plain carelessness.

5. SUBTITLE: ROGER MALONE, AN IRISH SAILOR, WHO WAS SO CROOKED HE HAD CROSSED THE EQUATOR EIGHT TIMES.

Roger Malone, Mary's father, is washing his hands at the sink, and, on hearing the butter-pads drop into the water glasses, turns in a rage and throws the sink at Mary. She dodges, and good-naturedly shakes her finger at her father until it drops off.

Roger Malone smiles at his daughter and dries his hands on his derby hat. He walks over to the table and sits down, tucking his napkin in his collar. It is too tight a fit, so he takes his collar off. Still it is too tight, so he takes his shirt off. Then he has no place in which to tuck his napkin, so he puts his head through a hole in the table-cloth, upsetting all the dishes.

SCENE 3.

BACKGROUND INTERIOR OF ROB'S HOME.

6. SUBTITLE: THURLOW CRUSOE, ROB'S FATHER, WHO NEEDED ONLY SOME EGGS TO HAVE HAM AND EGGS, IF HE HAD SOME HAM.

Thurlow Crusoe buttering sandwiches for yesterday's picnic. As he spreads the butter some feathers from the bed get stuck on his thumb, and as he pulls the feathers off his thumb, he scrapes the butter off the bread with his elbow. This goes on for fifty feet.

Rob enters and stands looking at his father with a tender expression. He then takes down a shotgun from the wall and aims it at the old man. As he does so his eye lights on the calendar hanging on the wall.

CALENDAR SHOWING MONTH WITH DATE FOR OPENING OF HUNTING SEASON MARKED IN PENCIL. ROB'S FINGER SHOWS PRESENT (*Please turn to page 24*)

PRIZE WINNERS

ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN

Newly Arrived Fiancée (in Hollywood): YOU WROTE ME YOU WERE CECIL B. DEMILLE'S RIGHT-HAND MAN. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

Would-Be Movie Star: WELL, HONEY, YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY . . . *I sent DeMille a birthday card on Christmas.*

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of $50.00, was submitted by

CHARLES WILLIS,
59 West 86th Street,
New York City.

Five second prizes of $10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

J. CHRIS CONROY, *Port Jervis, New York,* for the Alibi: "Mr. DeMille said: 'I think I can get along without a right-hand man. Don't you agree?' Of course I said: 'Yes, sir.' "

RICHARD H. LINDGREN, *Chicago, Illinois,* for the Alibi: "There wasn't any future in it because every day was 'yes-sir' day."

MRS. B. M. REIBOLD, *Wyncote, Pennsylvania,* for the Alibi: "I'm just doubling for my double while my double doubles for me."

C. K. STREIT, *Mamaroneck, New York,* for the Alibi: "His success depends on knowing what the critics who really matter think, and so he's put me here to keep him informed."

MONROE R. UPTON, *San Francisco, California,* for the Alibi: "The kleigs were ruining my aye's and Mr. DeMille discharged me."

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 30

$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

THE picture below shows a young lady by the name of Jane Smith, who suddenly finds herself in serious difficulties with her boy-chum.

It seems that he has found something pretty incriminating carved on the old oak.

You will have a try at helping her out—of that we feel certain. All you have to do is to complete, in twenty-five words, or less, her reply, and if your conclusions are sufficiently clever and ingenious, you win one of the prizes, which are as follows:

First Prize, $50.00
Five Second Prizes of $10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-THREE will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-TWO

He: YOU TOLD ME I WAS THE ONLY MAN YOU EVER LOVED—AND THERE'S YOUR NAME, WITH FRED GRAY'S. HOW ARE YOU GOING TO LAUGH *that* OFF?

She: WELL, SWEETHEART, YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY . . .

"DO YOU FOLLOW THE HOUNDS, MISS DE PREE?"
Miss De Pree (a vaudeville headliner): IN YOUR HAT, MAJOR, I NEVER WAS SPOTTED NEXT TO AN ANIMAL ACT IN MY WHOLE ARTISTIC CAREER!

What to Do After the Week-End Guests Leave

THROW out the living-room rug. Re-sod the lawn.

Arrange for the removal of broken glass and cigarette stubs.

Glue back leg on piano and remove rest of varnish from dining-room table.

Write letter of apology to chairman of house committee at country club.

Give dog two tablespoons castor oil.

Give children the rest of the bottle.

Give canary bird decent burial.

Throw out the goldfish.

Send clothes lent to guests to cleaner's.

Collect insurance on car.

Ask local tradesmen for another thirty days' extension of credit.

Tell the servants you were going to fire them, anyhow.

Remove sardine tins, olive bottles, chocolate wrappings and sandwich crusts from guest room.

Write letter of thanks to volunteer fire department. Send box of cigars to chief.

Leave for Paris to arrange amicable divorce.

Henry William Hanemann.

The New Car

SUNDAY. The new car is washed, polished, dusted, oiled and not driven over twenty miles an hour.

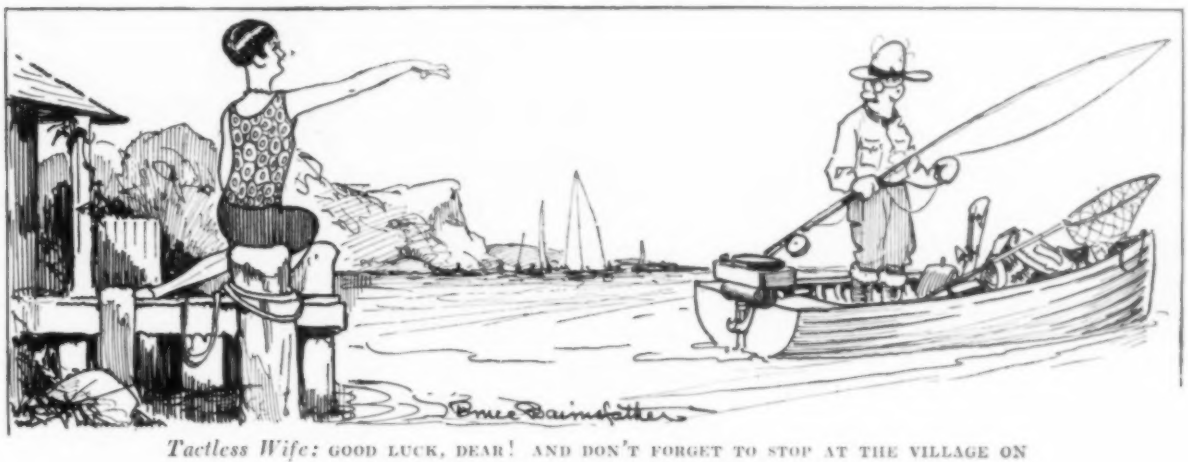
Monday. The new car is polished, dusted, oiled and not driven over twenty-five miles an hour.

Tuesday. The new car is dusted, oiled and not driven over thirty miles an hour.

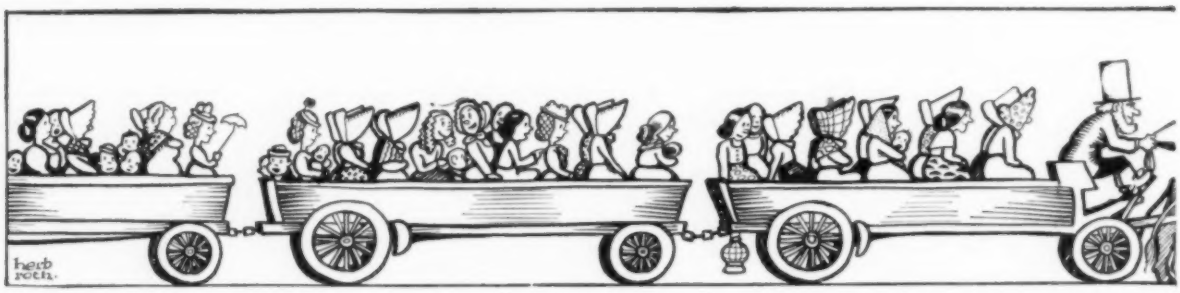
Wednesday. The new car is oiled and not driven over forty miles an hour.

Thursday. The new car is not driven over fifty miles an hour.

Friday. The car is no longer new.



Tactless Wife: GOOD LUCK, DEAR! AND DON'T FORGET TO STOP AT THE VILLAGE ON YOUR WAY HOME, FOR SOME CANNED SALMON.



MR. AND MRS. BRIGHAM YOUNG DROP

Mrs. Pep's Diary

June 27th The loyal sons of various Alma Maters are now returned to town from their reunions, which does mean that a number of good anecdotes are again in circulation, and I do hear that a song was sung at Princeton which is literally nobody's business, forasmuch as no member of the club where it was perpetrated will go beyond the first line in my presence. The anticks there most amusing, apparently, and I do hear that a Mr. Arthur Samuels lectured hilariously to his cronies all day long and performed such feats of magic as to cause three hard-boiled eggs to appear in the trough of a confederate's bristling beard, until he finally grew so hungry that he was obliged to eat two of the eggs. Poor Jim Mitchell does not remember having been to Cambridge at all, albeit Sam reports that he was the moving spirit of every conclave and managed to get out of town without paying any damages or giving bail. To luncheon at an inn with a merry crew, and there was much talk of the vandalization of the Lihme apartment by employees of the building who felt they had been underfeed, and Charley Towne said that the minute he finished reading about it he went out and gave his doorman a fine orange which he had been cher-

(*Cont. on page 32*)

The Prospect: WHAT! I WOULDN'T BUY THAT BOOK FOR ANYTHING! IT SOUNDS LIKE THE DULLEST, DRIEST, WORDIEST, STUPIDEST TRASH THAT WAS EVER WRITTEN.

The Agent: THEN MAYBE YOU'D LIKE IT FOR THE GUEST ROOM.

It Used to Be Milk

"THE Smiths couldn't get into their apartment after they returned from their vacation."

"What's the matter? Lose their key?"

"No. They forgot to tell the boy to stop leaving the Sunday papers."

Wilfred: WHO'S GLADYS ENGAGED TO THIS WEEK?

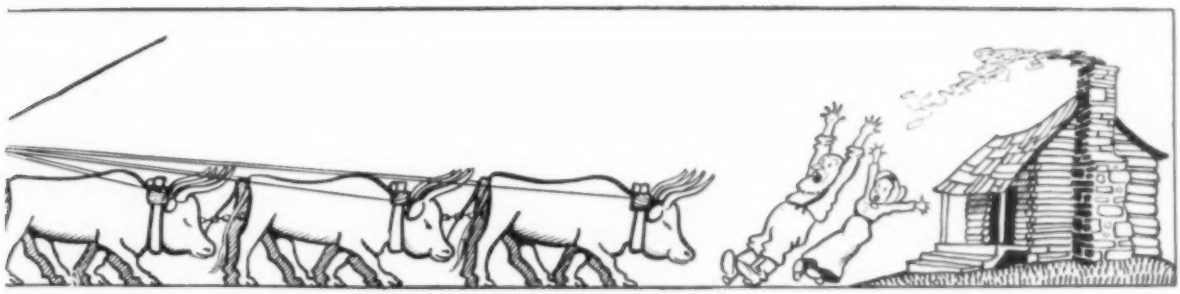
Alfred: THERE'S NO WAY TO BE SURE, BUT THERE'S A RUMOR AROUND THAT IT'S ME.

No Change, Please

GROCER: What will you have to-day, Bobby?

BOBBY: If coffee's fifty-two cents I want a pound of coffee and some gum drops. If it's fifty-five cents I want a pound of coffee.

IT'S a long lane that somebody hasn't written a song about.



IN FOR THE WEEK-END.

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

Fair and Warmer

THIS is the season when we are often cajoled into lending our presence to that ancient form of torture called a "Fair."

Occasionally fairs are held for admirable objects. Frequently they assume such aliases as "Venetian Market Place," "Tombola" or even "The Bobbed Buccaneers."

No matter, they always remain events of intense midsummer despair from which we emerge with collapsed pocketbooks. In exchange for our gold, behold a bundle of trash! The custom is known as charity.

But it is a long worm that has no turning.

Beginning this very moment, with these very words, we intend to show that a "Fair" may be a thrilling adventure, an exciting human enterprise. At this point we open, without even a single blare of trumpet, the world's most heart-warming bazaar. And we beg you to come to it—and buy.

You see, we must raise funds for LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children. *It simply has to be done.* This work for the pitiful youngsters of New York slums has been in operation for over forty years. It must continue. One just doesn't drop a thing that has developed into a world-known institution. We *must* keep the little groups of wistful boys and girls in the healthful country during the sickening summer heat which is so cruel to the children of the streets of the Lower East Side.

Our Boys' Camp is at Pottersville, New Jersey, and our Girls' Camp is at Branchville, Conn.

We are not asking you to give. We are asking you to buy. *And to buy the most wonderful things!*

Plump, red cheeks for some pallid waif of a wee girl.

A morning in the swimming-hole

(*Please turn to page* 28)

He: SHALL WE SWIM?
She: NO—LET'S SIT THIS ONE OUT.

Hearts and Soles

(*With acknowledgments to Roy Fulkerson for the refrain—and a lot of the idea as well.*)

GYPSY hearts are many
But gypsy feet are few;
We long for "forests fenny"
Where sunlight filters through
We talk of "luring by-ways"
And "trails that wander far,"
But stick upon the highways
Within a motor car.

We babble of existence
Along some "woodland path"
But shudder at its distance
From gas, steam-heat and bath;
We sigh because our groove is
So narrow and confined,
But hate to leave the movies
And theatres behind.

Yes, gypsy hearts are many
But gypsy feet are few.
Of hearts there isn't any
That doesn't want to do
A lot of joyous weaving
And roving 'round the chart,
But when it comes to leaving
The feet refuse to start.

Berton Braley.

Partial Plater

PATIENT: Who's that other dentist?

OFFICE GIRL: Oh, he's just here to fill in.

IF these airmen keep on, we may have to establish one-way oceans.

"Island Irish"

(*Continued from page* 19)

DATE WHICH IS THREE DAYS BEFORE OPENING OF SEASON. (*CLOSE UP.*)

Rob puts gun back on wall sadly and goes over and pats his father on head, leaving an ugly welt. (*FADE OUT.*)

SCENE 4.

FISHING WHARF AT DOVER. BACKGROUND OF MASTS AND UNPLEASANT FISH ODORS.

BASKET CONTAINING FIVE PUPPIES. (*CLOSE UP.*)

7. SPOKEN TITLE: "DOG-FISH!"

Rob and Mary laugh and clamber down on the deck to play with the puppies. An evil face appears over a hatchway. (*FADE IN.*)

8. SUBTITLE: "SNAIL-BITE" PETE, FIRST MATE, WHO WAS SO TOUGH HE KEPT HIS COLLAR ON WITH A NAIL IN HIS NECK.

Pete sneaks up behind the pair of young lovers, who have by now handled the puppies so much that three of them are sick, and very quietly slips the hawser off the dock and casts off. By the time the young couple look up, they are on a desert island.

SCENE 5.

SANDY BEACH ON A DESERT ISLAND. (*LONG SHOT.*)

9. SUBTITLE: ROB AND MARY HAD ABOUT AS MUCH CHANCE OF GETTING OFF THIS ISLAND AS A PROHIBITIONIST HAS OF GETTING OFF A GOOD JOKE.

Rob and Mary walking hand in hand along the beach. Rob stops to pick up a bit of seaweed and Mary, who is looking the other way, reaches for his hand again. Instead she takes hold of a crab which has been walking along the beach in the other direction, and thinking that one of its claws is Rob's hand, walks along oblivious of the substitution, talking and chatting. She finally looks down and sees what she has been walking with and indicates horror.

Rob in the meantime has discovered something in the sand and calls Mary back to see it.

LARGE FOOTPRINT IN SAND. (*CLOSE UP.*)

Rob and Mary examine the footprint closely and Mary starts to dig at it.

10. SPOKEN TITLE: "LOOK OUT! DON'T TOUCH IT! PERHAPS IT'S WHERE SOME ONE STEPPED ON LON CHANEY!"

Mary jumps back in horror while Rob shades his eyes and scans the horizon. In the distance a speck is seen. He grabs Mary by the hand and they start running after the speck.

SCENE 6

CHASE SEQUENCE.

Rob and Mary tear along the beach, swinging sometimes to the left into the long grass, sometimes to the right into the ocean. Once they nearly upset and once they come within an inch of colliding with a large fish which is coming up the beach in the opposite direction.

As Rob and Mary approach the speck in the distance, the speck approaches them at the same rate, until it turns out to be two Revenue Agents who are running toward Rob and Mary to arrest them for being bootleggers. The four runners collide.

11. SPOKEN TITLE: "IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!"

The agents seize Rob and Mary and signal for the revenue-cutter which appears around the point.

SCENE 7

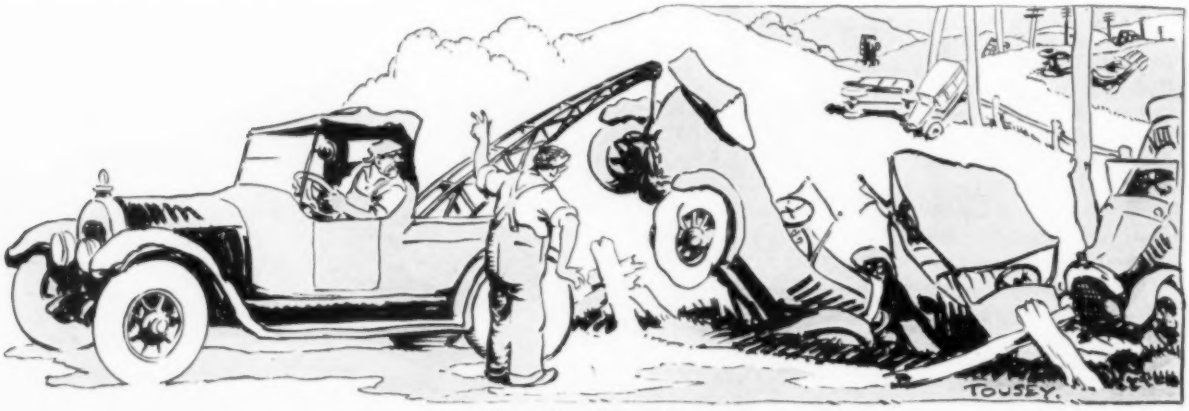
ON BOARD REVENUE CUTTER "DELIGHT." (*SEMI-CLOSE UP.*) BACKGROUND OF KNOTS AND WHISTLES.

The Revenue Officer leads Rob and Mary across the deck and sends for the commander. While they are waiting, Rob empties his pocket-flask behind him into a pail of water. The ship's goat comes up, drinks the water and becomes intoxicated, rushing madly toward the hatchway just as the commander is coming up, causing a nasty spill.

Rob and Mary wait with terror-stricken countenances. Commander turns and faces them and is discovered to be Thurlow Crusoe, Rob's father, who has been an under-cover man for the Government all the time. He seems delighted to see the young people and gives them his blessing. Rob and Mary embrace and one of the sailors runs a flag up at the masthead. UNION JACK UPSIDE DOWN, SIGNIFYING "WE NEED ASSISTANCE!" (*FADE OUT.*)

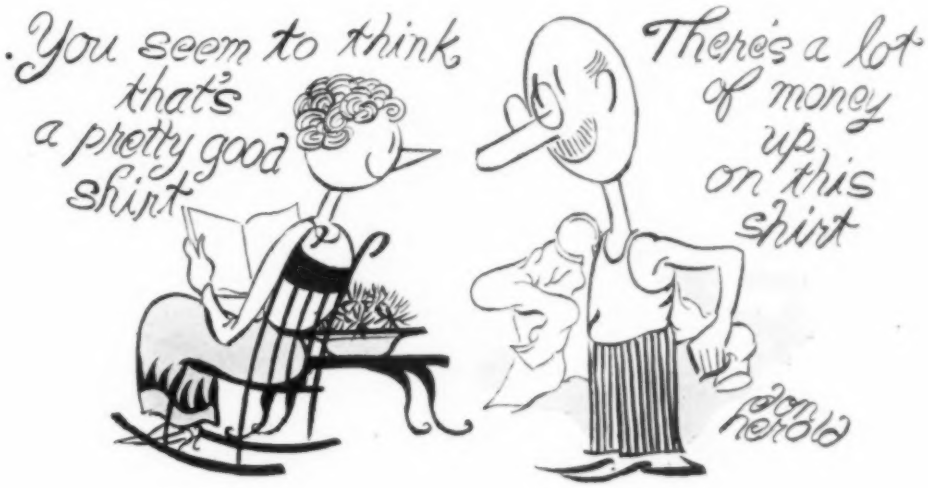
Note

Mr. Benchley's dramatic reviews and Mr. Sherwood's motion picture reviews are omitted this week because of vacations.



Monday Morning

LIFE DONATES THIS SERIES IN BEHALF OF BETTER MERCHANDISE



THE RUB-A-DUB SHIRT CO. HAS JUST SIGNED A BIG CONTRACT WITH ME

YES, sir, right on the dotted line. I've got 'em right where I want 'em.

Rub-a-Dub shirts are going to be up to my specifications the rest of my life. The Rub-a-Dub people have signed and sworn. *In short*, they've agreed to *keep my shirt on* as long as I want to wear one.

By that, I mean they've signed up to end my shirt worries. If I worry, it's their loss.

I signed nothing and put up no money. It's a one-sided contract —my way. All I have to do is to call for Rub-a-Dub shirts. How come it?

Well, it's nothing except that the Rub-a-Dub Co. has started to advertise. That's their contract with me, Andy Consumer. From now on, they can't shirk shirts. I've got 'em hand and hoof.

Anybody who puts a wad in advertising puts his John Hancock to a contract with the public—to be good. He posts a forfeit he won't skimp shirt tails or slouch sleeve styles. Every advertisement is a bond.

That's the thing I like about advertising—it puts big manufacturers at the mercy of us small potatoes.

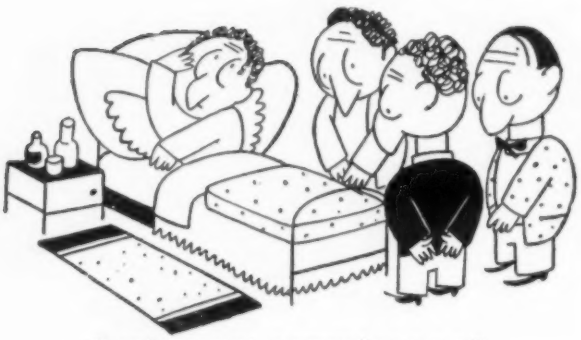
Andy Consumer

THE NATIONAL ADVERTISER BETS HIS ADVERTISING MONEY THAT HIS PRODUCT IS RIGHT

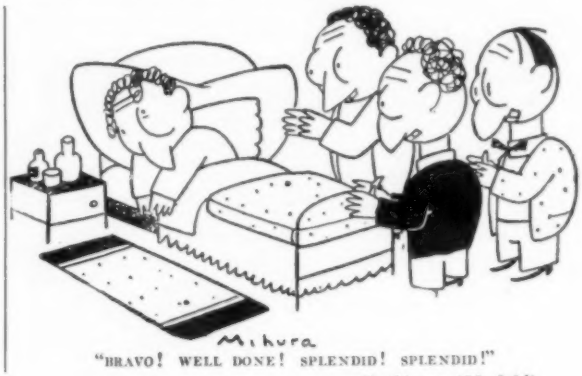
Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

The Expiring Tragedian and the Absent-Minded Friends



"I DIE! I PERISH! FAREWELL! OH-H-H-H!"

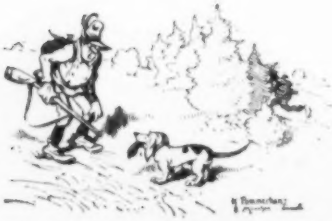


"BRAVO! WELL DONE! SPLENDID! SPLENDID!"
—*Gutiérrez (Madrid).*

We and She

"ONLY an angel could fly home from an airplane ride."

"Only an angel would have to!"
—*C.C.N.Y. Mercury.*



THE DUCK HUNTER AND HIS DOG
—*Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich).*

Fools Rush On

A STORY of a girl who recently went up for an "audition" in acting. The producer was kindly. "Have you ever had an audition before?" he asked.

"Four of them," said the girl.

"How did you feel?"

"Terrible."

"But after four auditions you must have developed some confidence."

"Ah," said the youngster, "after four, indeed! Well—*I wish now I had the nerve of ignorance!"*
—*London Evening News.*

We've Dined There Too

SHE had been asked to dinner at the home of a new neighbor. When she returned some one said: "How was the dinner—all right?" She hesitated a moment thoughtfully and then replied: "Well, it was the kind of a meal you look for a paper napkin with."
—*Chicago Tribune.*

Discobolus and the Pedestrian

"You say you were slapped on the back by a discus thrower?" asked the puzzled Judge of the bandaged complainant.

"Yes," replied the b. c. "It was on this fellow's radiator cap."—*Detroit News.*

What Price Aristotle?

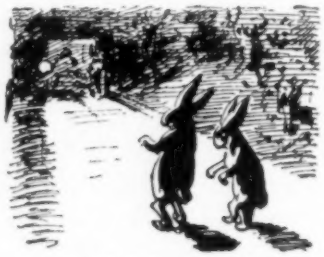
THE irony of fate in the advertising columns of the *Daily Princetonian:* "Ethics book deliberately stolen from Sophomore Commons."
—*Boston Transcript.*

"AND how do you spend your time between husbands?" was asked of a much-divorced movie actress recently.—*Florida Times-Union.*

WHAT most people crave is an intelligence rest.—*Collier's.*

"I Was Wounded in the House of My Friends"

FROM the North Canaan (Conn.) *Western News:* "Mrs. William Mansir has returned from a month's visit to friends in Washington, Pa., and is now under the doctor's care."—*New York World.*



"I SAY, DEAR BOY, IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE SEEN THE MOON RISE TO-NIGHT."
—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

Too Late for Homicide

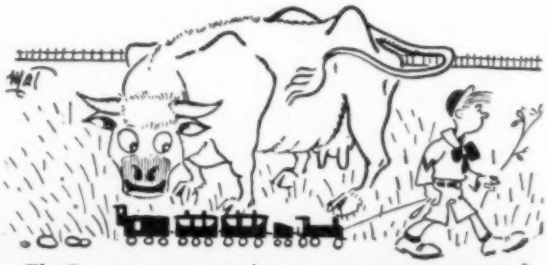
"'Neath our eyes he faded slowly,
Growing day by day more frail,
Bearing sweetly all his suffering,
Without murder, without wail."
—*Chicago paper's In Memoriam column.*

NOT, evidently, a typical Chicagoan.
—*New Yorker.*

On the Radio

"ISN'T that Wagner's 'Liebestod,' Edith?"

"Well, yes—every now and then."
—*New York Evening Post.*



The Cow: OH, DEARIE ME! HAVE I BECOME NEARSIGHTED?
—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

Groundings

Those heroes crowned with garlands gay
  Who seemed but lately such a wow
In first-page headlines day by day,
  Where are they now? Where are they now?

Alas! to-day, for those who keep
  One foot or more upon the ground,
No mobs in adulation leap,
  And scarcely any cheers resound.

Bill Tilden volleys as of yore,
  Yet is his chance at glory slim.
Babe Ruth bats on, but more and more
  Page Twenty-something does for him.

And so must you and I and Dawes
  And Cal and Al and McAdoo
Perform our stuff without applause
  Until these flying men get through.
—*L. H. R., in New York Times.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Looking Forward

Some one has said that this television will put a stop to some feeble-minded person's calling on the phone and saying, "Guess who this is!" But what is to stop the feeble-minded person from wearing a mask?—*Chicago Post.*

Colonial (visiting native village after an absence of thirty years): WELL, SAMUEL, YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME, EH?

Samuel: W'Y, IT BE YOUNG JOE PORTER. BLESS 'E, I WERE ONLY SAYIN' TO SARAH YESTERDAY OI 'ADN'T SEED 'E ABOUT A-LATELY.

—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

The Bedtime Story

It is reported that George S. Kaufman, the playwright, was recently discovered reading aloud to his very young daughter the story of the three bears.

"And how are you getting along?" he was asked.

"Terribly," Mr. Kaufman is said to have replied. "I can't make clear the difference between Mama Bear, Papa Bear and Camembert."

—*New York Evening Post.*

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Not the Best People

Lady Newgold: I think the De Veres would rather like to know us, and it would be a good start for us in the county.

Sir Gleaming Newgold: No! We don't want to know any one who wants to know us—they can't be worth it.

—*Humorist (London).*

Nowadays the Younger Generation offers its Papa a gold watch on condition that Papa will smoke only his own cigarettes until the Y. G.'s twenty-first birthday.—*New York World.*

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The Fellow on Vacation Needn't Have All the Fun!

Read *Life*

And have a good laugh yourself, right here at home! Five dollars wouldn't go far for railroad tickets, but it will carry the whole family to many a laugh, to the latest joke, to bright poems, and to fine illustrations, both black-and-white and in colors, all for the one subscription price. Some good numbers are coming. Try Life with Its Laugh on Every Page for a year, and see for yourself, or try our

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian $1.20, Foreign $1.40). Send Life for the next ten weeks to

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LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year $5 Canadian $5.80 Foreign $6.60

(149)

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, N. Y.

Clothes for the Yachtsman

Send for Brooks's *Miscellany*

BOSTON LITTLE BUILDING Tremont cor. Boylston

PALM BEACH PLAZA BUILDING County Road

NEWPORT AUDRAIN BUILDING 220 Bellevue Avenue

How to complete "The Better Shave"

HERE'S the climax of "the better shave"—the peak of luxurious satisfaction. After you shave, shake a little Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion into your hand, and apply it to your face... It heals, soothes, and cools the skin, particularly after you've shaved close. It restores moisture to the skin and invigorates the tissues.

This lotion, like Fougère Royale Shaving Cream—which gives you "the better shave"—has the refreshing outdoor odor of the royal fern. The lotion is not sticky, and evaporates quickly. Try it tomorrow morning. Your druggist has Fougère Royale Afrer-Shaving Lotion—75c.

Fougère Royale Shaving Cream makes shaving easier and is delightful to use—50c.

Fougère Royale

AFTER-SHAVING LOTION

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal

Shaving Cream, 50c; After-Shaving Lotion, 75c; Shaving Stick, 75c;

Talcum, $1.00; Eau Vegetale, $1.25; Facial Soap, 50c.

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. L-12
539 West 45th St., New York City

I want to try Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion. Please send me a trial bottle—no charge.

Name

Address

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

(*Continued from page* 23)

of the brook at Pottersville, N. J., for some tiny lad who didn't really believe that such a gorgeous thing existed in all the world.

A sunny afternoon's hike along a safe, winding road for some frightened little chap who has been dodging huge trucks in the Lower East Side ever since he has been big enough to walk.

Brimming goblets of fresh milk for weary children who are not only thirsty for a drink, but horribly thirsty for the human kindness that provides such a drink.

Flowers and fair fields—cool nights and clean beds—ecstasy and new health!

These we have for sale, among many other good things.

And they are for sale at any price. Remember that—*at any price!*

Even a nickel buys something at our fair, so every one can come and have an exciting time at the booths.

Naturally, more than a nickel will buy more than a nickel's worth. For instance, Twenty dollars ($20) will buy eighteen days—a full vacation period for one boy or girl at either of LIFE'S Camps.

What a bargain! We doubt that anything equal to it is to be found at this figure anywhere else in the United States.

If, when you come gayly along to the sale, you discover that you have not brought as much as Twenty dollars with you, don't think of turning away. There are treasures for all—and to suit every purse.

The truth is that any part of the famous Twenty dollars, from nineteen dollars down to a bright, shining quarter, will buy a splendid part of a holiday for a needy child. Whatever you can spare will buy a week—a day—a part of a day—or just one heavenly hour for some poor little creature who is holding out a wistful hand to you.

L. A. F.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty years. In that time it has expended $385,648.79 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 50,071 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged	$8,092.01
Wilmon Brewer, Hingham, Mass.	2.00
Anonymous, Clearfield, Pa.	10.00
J. Schullinger, New York	10.00
Eddie Cantor, New York	50.00
R. R. M., Havre de Grace, Md.	20.00
K. S., Providence, R. I.	10.00
George R. Parker, Lexington, Ky.	10.00
Mrs. J. W. Paxton, Washington, Pa.	20.00
Mrs. F. P. Warren, Emporia, Kan.	5.00
Mrs. E. H. Connell, Scranton, Pa.	10.00

Just what I wanted!

The New Model

Pocket Ben

$1.50

You will like this new model Pocket Ben.

The service it will give is equaled only by its good looks. You will especially like its attractive, easy-to-read dial.

It's a sturdy, steady, faithful friend—just the watch you'll want to carry every day.

The New Model Pocket Ben is sold everywhere. Price $1.50. With luminous night-and-day dial $2.25.

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

Geo. I. Graham, Xenia, O.	$5.00
Emma C. King, Xenia, O.	25.00
W. U. M., Philadelphia	20.00
Mrs. H. P. Garland, Saco, Me.	10.00
Mrs. A. B. T., Lexington, Mass.	3.00
Miss L. E. Morey, Naples, N. Y.	1.00
"In memory of a dear Father & Mother"	10.00
Miss T. F. Mallaby, Nutley, N. J.	5.00
Mrs. George Lilly, Anderson, Ind.	20.00
Archibald McKinlay, Wayne, Pa.	5.00
"Anonymous," New York	10.00
Julia G. Whitcomb, New York	20.00
B. C. Anders, Chicago	1.00
Mrs. Paul C. Nicholson, Providence, R. I.	25.00
Eva Wilson, New York	10.00
C. V. Meserole, New York	50.00
H. F. Moncrieff, New York	10.00
Lynn C. Norris, Brooklyn, N. Y.	10.00
Benjamin F. Powell, Amityville, N. Y.	3.00
Frank Poel, New York	25.00
Mrs. Francis S. Page, Greenwich, Conn.	10.00
Mrs. L. Mitchell, Grosse Point Farms, Mich.	10.00
G. T. Armstrong, Hampton, Va.	25.00
Mrs. Paul Gallico, Cos Cob, Conn.	20.00
In memory of P. W. L., New York	5.00
Mary Edith Hosmer, Washington, D. C.	20.00
J. H. Postlethwaite, New York	25.00
Helen Ives Driggs, Waterbury, Conn.	20.00
In memory of H. M. F., St. Louis, Mo.	20.00
Berman Hat Co., Chicago	5.00
Joanne Ryan, Augusta, Me.	5.00
Mrs. J. C. Dryer, Rochester, N. Y.	5.00
Helen E. Bacon, New York	5.00
Charles B. Gales, Urbana, Ill.	5.00
Mrs. M. V. Moore, Asheville, N. C.	20.00
Mr. & Mrs. Geo. L. Stebbins, Seal Harbor, Me.	20.00
Ernest W. Pelton, New Britain, Conn.	10.00
Emma A. Nesler, Cape Porpoise, Me.	10.00
H. L. Ottenheimer, New York	3.00
J. W. Packard, Warren, O.	100.00
Dr. D. C. Bosserman, St. Louis, Mo.	5.00
D. D., Chicago	2.00
Mrs. Horace Brush, Swampscott, Mass.	10.00
June E. Willis, Rochester, N. Y.	20.00
Henry Willis, Rochester, N. Y.	20.00
L. V., Hanover, N. H.	25.00
Mrs. A. C. Magruder, Colorado Springs	5.00
G. P. M., Springfield, Mass.	10.00
"E. K. T.," Bedford Hills, N. Y.	25.00
Edward K. Dunham, Jr., New York	15.00
Chas. Heebner, Philadelphia	10.00
John I. Woodriff, Somerset, Va.	5.00
Mrs. G. Donald Spackman, Coatesville, Pa.	20.00
Frank A. Halladay, Buffalo, N. Y.	25.00
I. M. S., New York	10.00
"In memory of Marion," Worcester, Mass.	50.00
B. M. Buttles, Boston	2.00
"Cathcart" Devon, Pa.	10.00
Anonymous, Providence, R. I.	1.00
Worcester Proudfoot, Boston	20.00
Mrs. R. L. Van Alstyne, New Rochelle, N. Y.	5.00
Gordon Gordon, New York	20.00
Frank E. Bruns, Brooklyn	10.00
D. Schnakenberg, New York	50.00
Margaret Kemp, New York	10.00
George Whitney, Jr., New York	40.00
Robert Bacon Whitney, New York	40.00
Martha Phyllis Whitney, New York	40.00
Elizabeth Beatrice Whitney, New York	40.00
Annie M. Hall, Washington, D. C.	5.00
Mrs. Robert Spencer, So. Orange, N. J.	3.00
Marianna Lewis Luther, New York	10.00
Harriet Lewis Luther, New York	10.00
"In memory of Andrew Wilson," New York	5.00
A. S. Livesey, New York	10.00
Marjorie Hutchinson, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.	1.00
Milton F. Baringer, Philadelphia	20.00
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Marion F. Hunkins, Westerly, R. I.	10.00
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Dr. W. A. Merkley, Brooklyn	5.00
Mabel E. Barber, New Rochelle, N. Y.	5.00
Barnes Press, Inc., and Employees, New York	15.00
Raymond Rubicam, New York	10.00
Mrs. Allison Dodd, Bloomfield, N. J.	25.00
Louise R. Davis, Pelham Manor, N. Y.	10.00
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Charles A. Gifford, Atlantic City, N. J.	10.00
Robert E. Smith, Mauch Chunk, Pa.	2.50
Dr. N. A. Styrt, Chicago	1.00
Emma C. Watkins, New Bedford, Mass.	50.00
Mrs. H. S. Wiltsie, Pottersville, N. Y.	10.00
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Dora Murdock, Glen Cove, N. Y.	3.50
Mrs. John R. Gardner, New York	10.00
Mrs. Alice J. Baxter, New York	2.00
In memory of A. M. B., New York	20.00
Russell E. Burke, New York	10.00
John F. Talmage, Bernardsville, N. J.	25.00
Thomas P. Tammson, New York	5.00
A. B. Paxton, Wheeling, W. Va.	10.00
Mrs. John H. Penniman, Kalamazoo, Mich.	5.00
"W. J. B.," New York	25.00
Helen L. Paul, Marquette, Mich.	20.00
Douglas L. Elliman, New York	20.00
	$6,825.01

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you discover, publicly, that the moths have feasted upon your dinner jacket . . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a

MURAD CIGARETTE

MURAD

For those who feel entitled to life's better things

1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

read Life regularly

EVERY week!

STOPS

TRAIN SICKNESS

Mothersill's prevents exhaustion, nausea, dizziness and faintness of Train Travel. Journey by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air in Health and Comfort. 33

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Montreal Paris London

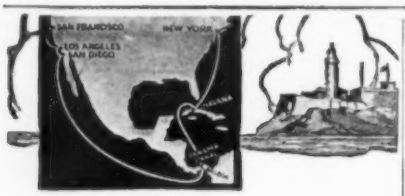
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—



DO YOU KNOW AMERICA?

You will, after this fascinating water and rail round trip to or from

CALIFORNIA

via HAVANA

sparkling Paris of the Caribbean

New S. S. California Largest American built liner. In service Jan. 1928

PANAMA CANAL

engineering wonder of the world

and

Home across the Continent

Liberal sightseeing all the way

Reduced Fares

From $350 round trip water and rail
From $2.50 one way

Let us send you descriptive literature. Address No. 1 Broadway, New York City, our offices elsewhere or see your local steamship or railroad agent.

Panama Pacific Line

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

SKIPPY'S

in a book!

Skippy whistles the patter while Percy Crosby does the drawings! The adventures and wise-cracks of America's most famous kid, all *NEW* and all in one uproarious volume! You'll want your copy at once.

Always Belittlin'

Written and illustrated by

PERCY CROSBY

$1.60 from LIFE, any bookseller or the Unicorn Press, Publishers, 5 East 57th Street, New York.

This is my order for.....copies of ALWAYS BELITTLIN'

Name .....

Address.....

Enclosed $.....

Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(*Please turn to page 20 for other information.*)

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-TWO."

The first prize of $50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it's this way...." Five second prizes of $10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-TWO should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-TWO must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on August 4, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of August 25, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition in the Contest.

Recumbent

"OH, see the mechanic under the automobile, Papa!" exclaimed little Wilberforce.

"Tush, Willy," said his papa, "that is a pedestrian."—*Detroit News.*

AN American explorer reports that he has been robbed by bandits in the jungles of Brazil....How civilization spreads!—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Going Strong

Johnnie Walker CIGARETTES

for 20 for 20¢

Extremely Mild

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Only in the Boston can you get the Agrippa Web. The new ventilated open mesh web with non-skid back which prevents slipping even when worn very loose.

Single and Double Grip
50c and 65c everywhere

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston

How Did Your Garters Look this A.M.?

Among the New Books

Twilight Sleep. By Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). A polite presentation of some modern New Yorkers doing their best to avoid facing the facts.

The Next Age of Man. By Albert Edward Wiggam (*Bobbs-Merrill*). An expert gives us a slant on what we are all coming to.

Crazy Pavements. By Beverley Nichols (*Doran*). A highly diverting account of a young man who was taken up by London's smart set and came through clean.

Trader Horn. By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis (*Literary Guild*). Something new and splendid in reminiscence set down through a collaboration that was made in Heaven.

Elmer Gantry. By Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). A broadside at a certain type of preacher which our citizenry could easily do without.

Guggenheim. By Haydie Eames and Madeleine Marshall (*Simon & Schuster*). A book of charts by which you may indulge in the old game of "Categories."

Mr. Fortune's Maggot. By Sylvia Townsend Warner (*Viking Press*). A pleasant recital of Christian perseverance and pagan tolerance.

People Round the Corner. By Thyra Samter Winslow (*Knopf*). The stories of several inconsequential lives told with amazing realism.

The Woman on the Balcony. By Rose Caylor (*Boni & Liveright*). One man and two women, and what a terrible time they all have!

Bronx Ballads. By Robert A. Simon (*Simon & Schuster*). The fad for race spirituals carried almost to the limit, with pictures by Harry Hershfield and legible scores for the piano.

Footsteps in the Night. By C. Fraser-Simson (*Dutton*). The last word in suspense stories.

Find the Clock. By Harry Stephen Keeler (*Dutton*). The plot of this one is so thick that you won't understand how the author did it.

The Fool. By H. C. Bailey (*Dutton*). A court jester who was an influence for good at the court of Henry II.

A Virgin of Yesterday. By Dorothy Speare (*Doran*). Just a good girl who got along.

B. L.

"We'd never know some folks wuz on a vacation if they didn' come back."
—*Abe Martin, in Indiana News.*

A Penny Saved

A magazine in the East recently wrote to President Coolidge to know whether or not he would be a candidate for another term in the White House. For three weeks the editor has been watching the mailman, and no answer has come. Do you know why? We someway have a sneaking idea that he had failed to enclose a stamp for reply!

—*Emporia Gazette.*

"Listen," remarked the exasperated driver over his shoulder, "Lindbergh got to Paris without any advice from the back seat."—*Detroit News.*

IT'S THE *YOUNGER CROWD* THAT SETS THE STANDARD!

GO to the younger crowd if you want the *right* word on what to wear or drive or smoke. And notice, please, that the particular cigarette they call their own today is one that you've known very well for a very long time.

FATIMA

What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!

If Fear *keeps you away from your dentist . .*

Pyorrhea robs 4 out of 5

Many ills that shatter health begin in the mouth that is neglected. Pyorrhea, the frightful enemy that leaves in its wake such troubles as rheumatism, neuritis and facial disfigurement, wins only when ignored. Its hapless victims are 4 out of 5 after 40, and thousands younger.

Keep Out of Danger

It is folly to wait for warning signs, for gums to bleed or to recede, for teeth to loosen. As health protection, have your dentist give teeth and gums a thorough examination once every six months. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, now!

This dentifrice, if used regularly and in time, thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its sinister course. It is prepared for this purpose. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere.

It firms gums, keeps teeth snowy white and protects them from acids which cause decay.

See your dentist and start using Forhan's, today. Teach your children this priceless health-habit. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

More Than a Tooth Paste . . . . It Checks Pyorrhea

SKIN BLEMISHES
pimples, blackheads, etc., cleared away easily and at little cost by
Resinol

$30,000 in Cash Prizes

Find Six Keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

Through a national survey the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola. They are being illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and the middle of August—in many newspapers and in each of the following weeklies (one "key" to each advertisement): The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, and Life—in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

You'll find one of the "keys" in the advertisement on the opposite page. Four have already appeared. Check back and find them if you missed them. All will be easy to find—if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola Advertising.

Just three things to do:

1. *Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.**
2. *Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question: Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.*

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10
A total of 635 prizes	$30,000

RULES

* Do not mail any entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" before you can write correct answers, and the final "key" will not appear until then. Contest closes August 25, 1927. All entries must be mailed by midnight of August 25, 1927. The contest is open to everybody except those connected with The Coca-Cola Company, a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families. Write on only one side of paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers. All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to CONTEST JUDGES

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(*Continued from page 22*)

ishing in his icebox for two days. And Aldis Squire did tell how last Sunday he had looked up from his papers and beheld a black spot in the air ahead of him, and focus his eyes as he would, he could not rid himself of the image, so that he feared himself on the brink of blindness and bawled loudly for his wife to demonstrate to her his affliction, whereupon Em walked over to the distance he designated and plucked off a spider which was hanging from the porch ceiling. Home betimes, to find Sam and Andy Butterfield with their noses in two splendid juleps, and when I demanded the reason for such lavish and unaccustomed celebration, Sam vouchsafed that the butcher had sent us some mint by mistake, and he was unable, after sniffing its fragrance by accident, to resist making the most of it.

June 28th The publick prints filled with accounts of weddings, and how sorry I do feel for the poor bridesmaids, who must lay out between one and two hundred dollars for a flimsy outlandish frock which they can never wear again, even if they have the good fortune not to have it torn off them during the festivities. The custom of having so many maiden attendants is, meseems, a trifle primitive, in especial when a milliner does go to the extent of trimming their hats with seashells, as I did read of last Lord's Day. To the Ritz, to call on Tom and Eunice Avery, who are down from Boston, and whilst waiting for the lift I did hear a woman remark that she felt all the better for having walked that three blocks. Found Eunice berating Tom for the appearance of his hat, and vowing that she would not quit the hotel until he had gone forth and provided himself with a new one, nor did I blame her much, neither, and whilst he was absent we did discuss the obstinacy of the male sex in regard to its headgear, in especial if the latter comes from Panama. Lord! I do not think I ever saw in my life a Panama hat which looked as if it had been made for its wearer, and mayhap the fact that so many of them are brought home as presents may account for their general look of disreputability. This day I did catch our Katie in my sitting-room a-doing of the great jig-saw puzzle which is set up there, and albeit we are glad of any help on it, I had liefer it came from less expensive sources, forasmuch as it is bad enough to have K. so interested in the garden restaurant next door that she trains opera glasses on the food. All the evening gone in making plans for a party, and when I did ask Sam's advice on this point and that, he demanded to know whether it was to be a *salon* or a saloon arrangement.

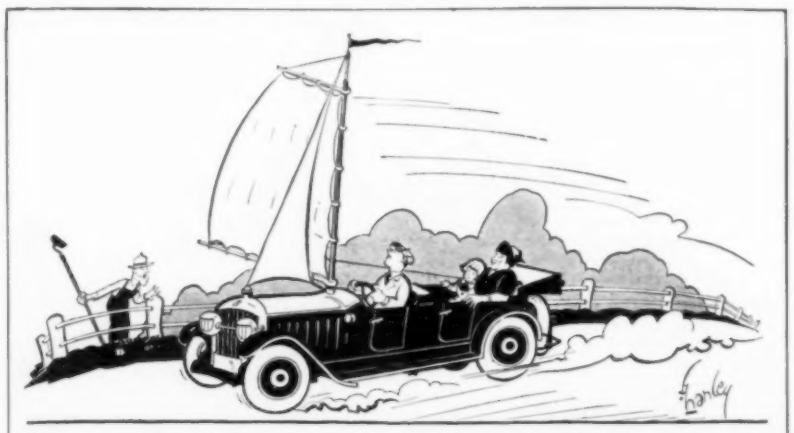
Baird Leonard.

Definition of a Journalist

A good journalist is one who can expand the material for a paragraph into a whole article, but never does so if he can avoid it; who is widely informed, but respects the limits of his information; who is violent in expressing his opinions, but reasonable in forming them; and who seeks to win the agreement of his readers, but would rather inspire their indignation than their indifference.

—*Nation and Athenæum (London).*

The beauty about the vacation season is that if you don't pay your bills your creditors think it is because you are away.—*Milwaukee Journal.*



"WELL, THE WIND'S BEEN BLOWING OUR WAY ALL AFTERNOON. MUST HAVE SAVED THREE GALLONS OF GASOLINE AT LEAST."

$30,000 in Cash Prizes!

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

GOOD COMPANY

There's nothing like a good drink! That taste-good feeling of Coca-Cola makes it the one great sociable drink. That's why soda fountains and refreshment stands are centers of *sociability* for millions ~ ~ ~ over 7 million a day.

See the column on the opposite page for details about this $30,000 contest

Beech-Nut
CANDY
FRUIT DROPS
They're everywhere
—and so refreshing
Beech-Nut
LEMON
DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LEMON DROPS
5¢
LEMON-ORANGE-LIME flavors